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A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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VICTORIA; OR, The Heiress of Castle Cliffe.

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Author of "The Dark Secret; or, The Mystery of Fontelle Hall," "An Awful Mystery; or, Sybil Campbell, the Queen of the Isle," etc.

CHAPTER I. AT THE THEATRE.

THE theatre was crowded. The pit, reeking and steaming, was one swaying sea of human faces. The galleries were vivid semi-circles of eyes, blue, black, brown and gray; and the boxes and the upper tiers were rapidly filling, for was not this the benefit-night of Mademoiselle Vivian? and had not all the theater-going world of London been half mad about Mademoiselle Vivian ever since her first appearance on the boards of the theatre? Posters and playbills announced it her benefit. Madam Rumor announced it her last appearance on any stage. There were wonderful tales going about this same Vivian, the actress. Her beauty was an undisputed fact by all; so was her marvelous talent in her profession; and her icy virtue was a household word. Every one in the house probably knew what was to be known of her history—how the manager of the house stumbled upon her accidentally in an obscure, third-rate Parisian playhouse; how, struck by her beauty and talent, he had taken her away, had her instructed for two years, and how, at the end of that time, three months previous to this particular night, she had made her debut, and taken the good people of London by storm. Gouty old dukes and apoplectic earls had knelt in dozens at her feet, with offers of magnificent settlements, superb diamonds, no end of blank checks, carriages and horses, and a splendid establishment, and been spurned for their pains. Mademoiselle Vivian had won, during her professional career, something more than admiration and love—the respect of all, young and old. And yet that same gossiping lady, Madam Rumor, whispered low, that the actress had managed to lose her heart after all. Madam Rumor softly insinuated, that a young nobleman, marvelously beautiful to look upon, and marvelously rich to boot, had laid his heart, hand and name most honorably and romantically at her fair feet; but people took the whisper for what it was worth, and were a little dubious about believing it implicitly. No one was certain of anything; and yet the knowing ones raised their glasses with a peculiar smile to ascertain the stage-box occupied by three young men, and with an inward conviction that the secret lay there. One of the three gentlemen sitting in it—a large, well-made, good-looking personage of thirty or so—was sweeping the house himself, loggnette in hand, bowing, and smiling, and criticizing.

And there comes that old oger, the Marquis of Devon, roused to the eyes; and that stiff antediluvian on his arm, all pearl-powder and pearls, false ringlets and more rouge, is his sister. There goes that silly little cheat, Sylvester Sweet, along the walls, as large as life; and there Miss Blanche Chester with her father. Pretty little thing, isn't she, Lisle?

The person thus addressed—a very tall, very thin, very pale and very insipid-looking young person, most stylishly got up, regardless of expense, leaned forward, and stared out of a pair of very dull and very expressionless gray eyes, at an exceedingly pretty and graceful girl.

"Aw, yes! Very pretty indeed!" he lisped, with a languid drawl; "and has more money, they say, than she knows what to do with. Splendid catch, eh? But look there. Who are those? By Jove! what a handsome woman!"

The attention of Lord Lisle—for the owner of the dull eyes and lantern jaws—was for the distinguished gentleman—had been drawn to a party who had just entered the box opposite. They were two ladies, three gentlemen, and a little child, and Sir Roland Cliffe. The first speaker leaning over to see, opened his eyes very wide, with a low whistle of astonishment.

"Such a lovely face! Such a noble head! Such a grand air!" raved young Lord Lisle, whose heart was as inflammable as a lucifer-match, and caught fire as easily.

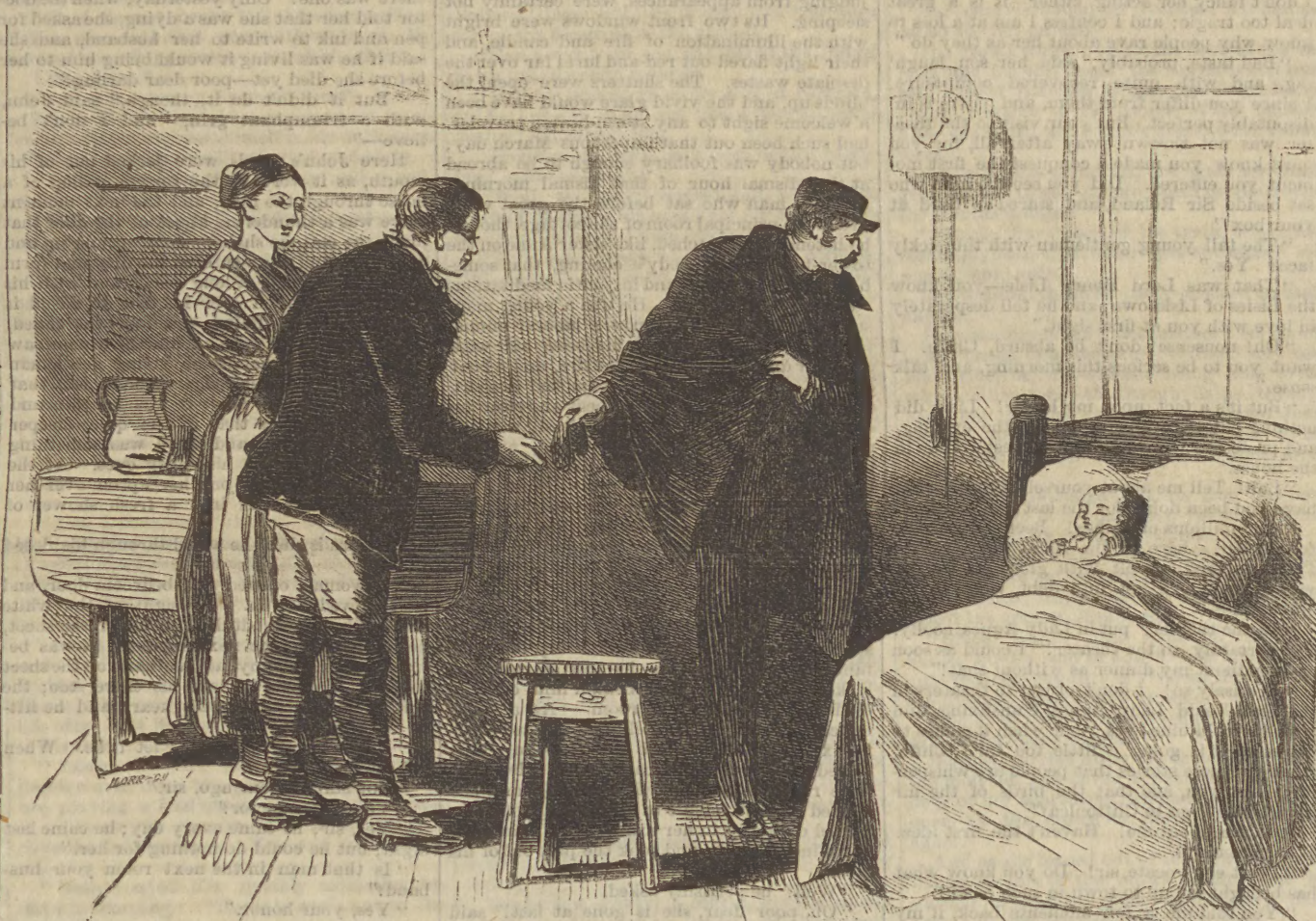
Sir Roland raised his shoulders and eyebrows together, and stroked his flowing beard.

"Which one?" he coolly asked. "Belle blonde, or folie brunette?"

"The lady in pink satin and diamonds! Such splendid eyes! Such a manner! Such grace! She might be a princess!"

Hearing this, the third occupant of the box leaned forward also, from the lazy, recumbent position he had hitherto indulged in, and glanced across the way. He looked the younger of the two—slender and boyish—and evidently not more than nineteen or twenty, wearing the undress uniform of a lieutenant of dragoons, which set off his eminently handsome face and figure to the best possible advantage. He, too, opened his large blue Saxon eyes slightly, as they rested on the objects of Lord Lisle's raptures, and exchanged a smile with Sir Roland Cliffe.

The lady thus unconsciously apostrophized and stared at was lying back in her chair, and



He dropped a purse heavy with guineas into John's willing palm, then going over looked at the sleeping infant.

fanning herself very much at her ease. It was a blonde face of the purest type; the skin, satin-smooth and white; the blue veins scarcely traceable under the milk-white surface; the oval cheeks tinged with the faintest shade of rose, deepening into vividness in the thin lips. The eyes were large, blue, and bright—very coldly bright though; the eyebrows light and indistinct; and the hair, which was of a flaxen fairness, was rolled back from the beautiful face, a la Marie Stuart. Light hair, fair blue eyes, and colorless complexion usually make up rather an insipid style of prettiness; but this lady was not at all insipid. The eyes, placed close together, had a look of piercing intensity; the thin lips, decidedly compressed, had an air of resolute determination; and from the crown of her flaxen head to the sole of her sandaled foot, she looked as high and haughty as any lady in the land. Her dress was pale rose satin, with a profusion of rare old point, yellow as saffron with age, and precious as rubies. Diamonds ran like a river of light round the beautiful arched neck, and blazed on the large, snow-white, rounded arms. Her fan was of gold and ebony, and marabout feathers; and she managed it with a hand like Hebe's own. One dainty foot, peeping out from under the rosy skirt, showed the arched instep, tapering ankle and rounded flexibility, of the same type; and, to her fingers' tips, she looked the lady. Her age it was impossible to guess, for old time deals gallantly with those flaxen-haired, pearly-skinned beauties; and Lord Lisle could not have told, for his life, whether to set her down as twenty or thirty. She certainly did not look demurely; and her figure, though tall and slight, and delicate, was unmistakably matured; and then her style of dress, and the brilliant opera cloak of scarlet and white, slipping off her shoulders, was matured too. She and her companion formed as striking a contrast as could be met with in the house. For the latter was a pronounced brunette, and a very full-blown brunette at that, with lazy, rolling black eyes, a profusion of dead-black hair, worn in braids and bandeaux, and entwined with pearls; her large and showy person was arrayed in slight mourning; but her handsome, rounded, high-colored face was breaking into smiles every other instant, as her lazy eyes strayed from face to face as she bent to greet her friends. A lovely little boy, of some six years, richly dressed, with long golden curls falling over his shoulders, and splendid dark eyes straying like her own around the house, leaned lightly against her knee. They were mother and son, though they looked little like it; and Mrs. Leicester Cliffe was a buxom widow of five and twenty. The black, roving eyes rested at last on the opposite box, and the incessant

smile came over the Dutch face as she bowed to one of the gentlemen—Sir Roland Cliffe. "How grandly she sits!—how beautiful she is!" broke out Lord Lisle, in a fresh ecstasy. "Who in the world is she, Sir Roland?" "You had better ask my beloved nephew here," said Sir Roland, with a careless motion toward the young officer, "and ask him at the same time how he would like you for a step-father." Lord Lisle stared from one to the other, and then at the fair lady agast. "Why—how—you don't mean to say that it is Lady Agnes Shirley?" "But I do, though! Is it possible, Lisle, that you, a native of Sussex yourself, have never seen my sister?" "I never have!" exclaimed Lord Lisle, with a look of hopeless amazement; "and that is really your mother, Shirley?" The lieutenant of dragoons, who was sitting in such a position that the curtain screened him completely from the audience, while it commanded a full view of the stage, nodded with a half laugh, and Lord Lisle's astonished bewilderment was a sight to see. "But she is so young; she does not look over twenty." "She is eight years older than I, and I am verging on thirty," said Sir Roland, taking out a penknife and beginning to pare his nails; "but those blondes never grow old. What do you think of the black beauty beside her?" "She is fat!" said Lord Lisle, with gravity. "My dear fellow, don't apply that term to a lady; say plump, or inclined to embonpoint! She is rather of the Dutch make, I confess, but you can pardon that in a widow, and you must own she's a splendid specimen of the Low Country, Flemish style of loveliness. Paul Rubens, for instance, would have gone mad about her; perhaps you have never noticed, though, as you do not much affect the fine arts, that all his Madonnas and Venuses have the same plentiful supply of blood, and brawn, and muscle, that our fair relative yonder rejoices in." "She is your relative, then?" "Leicester Cliffe, rest his soul! was my cousin. That is her son and heir, that little shaver beside her—fine little fellow, isn't he? and a Cliffe, every inch of him. What are you thinking of, Cliffe?" "Were you speaking to me?" said the lieutenant, looking up abstractedly. "Yes. I want to know what makes you so insufferably stupid to-night? What are you thinking of, man—Vivia?" The remark might be nearer the truth than the speaker thought, for a slight flush rose to the girl-like cheek of Lieutenant Cliffe Shirley.

"Nonsense! I was half asleep, I believe. I wish the curtain was up, and the play well over." "I have heard that this is Vivia's last night," remarked Lord Lisle; "and that she is about to be married, or something of that sort. How is it, Sir Roland? as you know everything you must know." "I don't know that, at all events; but he is a lucky man, whoever gets her. Ah! what a pretty little thing it is! By Jove! I never see her without feeling inclined to go on my knees, and say—Ah! Sweet! old fellow, how are you?" This last passage in the noble baronet's discourse was not what he would say to Miss Vivia, but was addressed to a gentleman who had forced his way, with some difficulty, through the crowd, and now stood at the door. He was not a handsome man, was Mr. Sweet, but he had the most smiling and beaming expression of countenance imaginable. He was of medium size, inclined to be angular and sharp at the joints, with a complexion so yellow as to induce the belief that he was suffering from chronic, and continual jaundice. His hair, what was it, was much the color of his face, but he had nothing in that line worth speaking of; his eyes were small and twinkling, and generally half closed; and he displayed, like the blooming relic of the late lamented Leicester Cliffe, the sweetest and most ceaseless of smiles. His waistcoat was of a bright canary tint, much the color of his face and hair; lemon-colored gloves were on his hands; and the yellow necktie stood out in bold relief against the whitest and glossiest of shirt collars. He wore large gold studs, and a large gold breast-pin, a large gold watch-chain, with an anchor, and a heart, and a bunch of seals, and a select assortment from it, and keeping up a musical tinkle as he walked. He had small gold ear-rings in his ears, and would have had them in his nose, too, doubtless, if any one had been good enough to set him a precedent. As it was, he was so bright, and so smiling, and so glistening, with his yellow hair, and face, and waistcoat, and necktie, and jewelry, that he fairly scintillated all over, and would have made you wink to look at him by daylight. "Hallo, Sweet! How do, Sweet! Come in, Sweet," greeted this smiling vision from the three young men. And Mr. Sweet, beaming all over with smiles, and jingling his seals, did come in, and took a seat between the handsome young lieutenant and his uncle, Sir Roland. The orchestra was crashing out a tremendous overture, but at this moment a bell tinkled, and when it ceased, the curtain shivered up to the ceiling, and disclosed "Henry VIII," a very stout gentleman, in flesh-colored tights, scarlet

velvet doublet, profusely ornamented with finsel and gold lace, wearing a superb crown of pasteboard and gilt paper on his royal head. Catherine, of Arragon, was there, too, very grand, in a long trailing dress of purple cotton and velvet, and blazing all over with brilliant of the purest glass, kneeling before her royal husband, amidst a brilliant assembly of gentlemen in tights and mustaches, and ladies in very long dresses and paste jewels, in the act of receiving a similar pasteboard crown from the fat hands of the king himself. The play was the "Royal Blue Beard," a sort of half musical, half-danceable burlesque, and though the audience laughed a good deal, and applauded a little over the first act, their enthusiasm did not quite bring the roof down; for Vivia was not there. Her role was "Anne Boleyn," and when in the second act, that beautiful and most unfortunate lady appeared among the maids of honor, "which meaneth," says an ancient writer, "anything but honorable maids," to win the fickle-hearted monarch by her smiles, a cheer greeted her that made the house ring. She was their pet, their favorite; and standing among her painted companions, all tinselled and spanned, she looked queen-rose and star over all. Petite and fairy-like in figure, a clear, colorless complexion, lips vividly red, eyes jetty black, and bright as stars, shining black hair, falling in a profusion of curls and waves far below her waist, and with a smile like an angel! She was dressed all in white, with flowers in her hair and on her breast; and when she came floating across the stage in her white, mist-like robes, her pure pale face, uplifted dark eyes, and wavy hair, crowned with water-lilies, she looked more like a fairy by moonlight than a mere creature of flesh and blood. What a shout it was that greeted her! how gentle and sweet was the smile that answered it! and how celestial she looked with that smile on her lips! Sir Roland leaned over with flashing eyes. "It is a fairy! it is Titania! It is Venus herself!" he cried, enraptured. "I never saw her look so beautiful before in my life."

Lord Lisle stared at him in his dull, vacant way; and Mr. Sweet smiled, and stole a long, long glance at the lieutenant, which nonchalant young warrior lounged easily back on his seat, and watched the silver-shining vision with philosophical composure.

The play went on. The lovely Anne wins the slightly-fickle king with her "becks, and nods, and wreathed smiles," and triumphs over the unfortunate lady in the purple train. Then comes her own brief and dazzling term of glory; then blue-eyed Jane Seymour conquers the conqueror, and Mistress Anne is condemned to die. Throughout the whole thing Vivia was superb. Vivia always was; but in the last scene of all she surpassed herself. From the moment when she told the executioner, with a gay laugh, that she heard he was expert, and she had but a small neck to the moment she was led forth to die, she held the audience spellbound. When the curtain rose in the last scene, the stage was hung in black, the lights burned dim, the music waxed faint and low, and dressed in deepest mourning, and looking by contrast deadly pale, she laid her beautiful head on the block. At the sound of the falling ax, as the curtain fell, a thrill ran through every heart; and the four gentlemen in the stage-box bent over and gazed with their hearts—such as they were—in their eyes. A moment of profoundest silence was followed by so wild a tempest of applause that the domed roof rang, and "Vivia!" "Vivia!" shouted a storm of voices, enthusiastically. Once again she came before them, pale and beautiful in her black robes and flowing hair, and bowed her acknowledgments with the same lovely smile that had won all their hearts long before. A small avalanche of bouquets and wreaths came fluttering down on the stage, and three of the occupants of the stage-box flung their offerings too. A wreath of white roses clasped by a great pearl, from Sir Roland; a bouquet of splendid hot-house exotics from Lord Lisle; and a cluster of jasmine flowers from Lieutenant Shirley, which he took from his buttonhole for the purpose, Mr. Sweet had nothing to cast but his eyes; and casting those optics on the actress, he saw her turn her beautiful face for one instant toward their box; the next, lift the jasmine flowers and raise them to her lips; and the next—vanish.

"She took your flowers, Shirley—she actually did," cried Lord Lisle, with one of his blank stares; "and left mine, that were a thousand times prettier, just where they fell!"

"Very extraordinary," remarked Mr. Sweet, with one of his bright smiles and sidelong glances. "But what do all the good folks mean by leaving? I thought there was to be a farce, or ballet, or something."

"So there is; but as they won't see Vivia, they don't care for staying." And I think the best thing we can do is to follow their example.

What do you say to coming along with us, Sweet? We are going to have a small supper at my rooms this evening."

Mr. Sweet, with many smiles, made his acknowledgments, and accepted at once; and rising, the four passed out, and were borne along by the crowd into the open air. Sir Roland's night-cab was in waiting, and being joined by three or four other young men, they were soon dashing at breakneck speed toward a West-End hotel.

No man in all London ever gave such *petite suppers* as Sir Roland Cliffe, and no one ever thought of declining his invitations. On the present occasion, the hilarity waxed fast and furious. The supper was a perfect *chef d'œuvre*, the claret deliciously cool after the hot theater; the sherry, like liquid gold, and the port, fifty years old, at least. All showed their appreciation of it, too, by draining bumper after bumper, until the lights of the room, and everything in it, were dancing homophones before their eyes—all but Mr. Sweet and Lieutenant Shirley. Mr. Sweet drank sparingly, and had a smile and an answer for everybody; and the lieutenant scarcely ate or drank at all, and was abstracted and silent.

"Do look at Shirley!" hiccupped Lord Lisle, whose eyes were starting fishily out of his head, and whose hair and shirt-front were splashed with wine. "he looks as soiled as a soldier as a coffin!"

"Hallo, Cliffe, my boy! don't be the death's-head at the feast! Here!" shouted Sir Roland, with a flushed face, waving his glass over his head—"here, lads, is a bumper to Vivian!"

"Vivian!" "Vivian!" ran from lip to lip. Even Mr. Sweet rose to honor the toast; but Lieutenant Shirley, with wrinkled brows and flashing eyes, sat still, and glanced round at the servant who stood at his elbow with a salver and a letter thereon.

"Note for you, lieutenant," insinuated the waiter. "A little boy brought it here. Said there was no answer expected, and left."

"I say, Cliffe, what have you there? A dun?" shouted impetuous Sir Roland.

"With your permission I will see," rather coolly responded the young officer, breaking the seal.

Mr. Sweet, sitting opposite, kept his eyes intently fixed on his face, and saw it first flush scarlet, and then turn deadly white.

"That's no dun, I'll swear," again lisped Lord Lisle. "Look at the writing! A fairy could scarcely trace anything so light. And look at the paper—pink-tinted and gilt-edged. The fellow has got a *billet-doux*!"

"Who is she, Shirley?" called half a dozen voices.

But Lieutenant Shirley crumpled the note in his hand, and rose abruptly from the table.

"Gentlemen—Sir Roland—you will have the goodness to excuse me! I regret extremely being obliged to leave you. Good-night!"

He had strode to the door, opened it, and disappeared before any of the company had recovered their maudlin senses sufficiently to call him back. Mr. Sweet always had his senses about him; but that shining gentleman was wise in his generation, and he knew when Lieutenant Shirley's cheek paled, and brow knitted, and eye flashed, he was not exactly the person to be trifled with; so he only looked after him, and then at his wine, with a thoughtful smile. He would have given all the spare change he had about him to have donned an invisible cap, and walked after him through the silent streets, dimly lit by the raw coming morning, and to have jumped after him into the cab Lieutenant Shirley hailed and entered. On he flew through the still streets, stopping at last before a quiet hotel in a retired part of the city. A muffled figure—a female figure—wrapped in a long cloak, and closely veiled, stood near the ladies' entrance, shivering under her wrappings in the chill morning blast. In one instant, Lieutenant Shirley had sprung out; in another, he had assisted her in, and taken the reins himself; and the next, he was riding away with breakneck speed, with his face to the rising sun.

CHAPTER II. MOTHER AND SON.

A BROAD morning sunbeam, stealing in through satin curtains, fell on a Brussels carpet, on rosewood furniture, pretty pictures, easy-chairs and ottomans, and on a round table, bright with damask, and silver, and china, standing in the middle of the handsome parlor. The table was set for breakfast, and the coffee, and the rolls, and the toast, and the cold tongue, were ready and waiting; but no one was in the room, save a spruce waiter, in a white jacket and apron, who arranged the eggs, and tongue, and toast artistically, and set up two chairs *vis-à-vis*, previous to taking his departure. As he turned to go, the door opened, and a lady entered—a lady tall and graceful, proud and handsome, with her fair hair combed back from her high-bred face, and adorned with the prettiest little tulle of a morning cap, all black lace and ribbons. She wore a white cashmere morning-dress, with a little lace collar and a ruby brooch, and Lady Agnes Shirley managed to look in this simple toilet as stately and haughty as a dowager-duchess. Her large light-blue eyes wandered round the room, and rested on the obsequious young gentleman in the white jacket and apron.

"Has my son not arrived yet?" she said, in a voice that precisely suited her face—sweet, and cold, and clear.

"No, my lady; shall I—"

"You will go down-stairs; and when he comes, you will ask him to step up here directly."

There was a quick, decided rap at the door. Agnes turned from the window, to which she had walked, as the waiter opened it, and admitted Lieutenant Cliffe Shirley.

"My dearest mother!"

"My dear boy!" And the proud, cold eyes lit up with loving pride as he kissed her. "I thought I was never destined to see you again."

"Let me see. It is just two months since I left Cliftonlea—a frightful length of time, truly."

"My dear Cliffe, those two months were like two years to me!"

Lieutenant Cliffe, standing hat in hand, with the morning sunshine falling on his laughing face, made her a courtly bow.

"Ten thousand thanks for the compliment, mother mine. And was it to hunt up your scapegrace son that you journeyed all the way to London?"

"Yes!" she said, so gravely that the smile died away from his lips, as she moved in her graceful way across to the table. "Have you had breakfast? But of course you have not; so sit down there, and I will pour out your coffee as if you were at home."

The young man sat down opposite her, took his napkin from his ring, and spread it with most delicate precision on his knees. There was a resemblance between mother and son, though by no means a striking one. They had the same blonde hair, large blue eyes, and fair complexion—the same physical Saxon type;

for the boast of the Cliffes was, that not one drop of Celtic or Norman blood ran in their veins—it was a pure, unadulterated Saxon stream, to be traced back to days long before the Conqueror entered England. But Lady Agnes' haughty pride and grand manner were entirely wanting in the laughing eyes and gay smile of her only son and heir, Cliffe.

"When did you come?" he asked, as he took his cup from her ladyship's hand.

"Yesterday—did not my note tell you?"

"True! I forgot. How long do you remain?"

Lady Agnes buttered her roll with a grave face.

"That depends!" she quietly said.

"On what?"

"On you, my dear boy."

"Oh! in that case," said the lieutenant, with his bright smile, "you will certainly remain until the end of the London season. Does Charlotte return the same time you do?"

"Who told you Charlotte was here at all?" said Lady Agnes, looking at him intently.

"I saw her with you last night at the theater, and little Leicester, too!"

"Were you in the box with Sir Roland and the other two gentlemen, last night?"

"Yes. Don't look so shocked, my dear mother! How was I to get through all that crowd to your box? and besides, I was engaged to Sir Roland for a supper at his rooms; we left before the ballet. By the way, I wonder you were not too much fatigued with your journey, both of you, to think of the theater?"

"I was fatigued," said Lady Agnes, as she slowly stirred her coffee with one pearl-white hand, and gazed intently at her son; "but I went solely to see that actress—what do you call her? Vivian, or something of that sort, is it not?"

"Mademoiselle Vivian is her name," said the young man, blushing suddenly, probably because at that moment he took a sip of coffee, scalding hot.

Lady Agnes shrugged her tapering shoulders, and curled her lip in a little, slighting, disdainful way, peculiar to herself.

"A commonplace little thing as ever I saw. They told me she was pretty; but I confess, when I saw that pallid face and immense black eyes, I never was so disappointed in my life. I don't fancy her acting, either—it is a great deal too tragic; and I confess I am at a loss to know why people rave about her as they do."

"Bad taste, probably," said her son, laughing, and with quite recovered composure; "since you differ from them, and yours is indisputably perfect. But your visit to the theater was not thrown away after all, for you must know you made a conquest the first moment you entered. Did you see the man who sat beside Sir Roland, and stared so hard at your box?"

"The tall young gentleman with the sickly face! Yes."

"That was Lord Henry Lisle—you know the Lisles of Lisletown; and he fell desperately in love with you at first sight."

"Oh! nonsense! don't be absurd, Cliffe! I want you to be serious this morning, and talk sense."

"But it's a fact, upon my honor! Lisle did nothing but rave about you all the evening, and protested you were the prettiest woman in the house."

"Bah! Tell me about yourself, Cliffe—what have you been doing for the last two months?"

"Oh! millions of things! Been on parade; fought like a hero in the sham fights in the Park, covered myself with glory in the reviews, made love, got into debt, went to the opera, and—"

"To the theater! put in Lady Agnes, coolly.

"Certainly, to the theater! I could as soon exist without my dinner as without that!"

"Precisely so! I don't object to theaters in the least," said Lady Agnes, transfixing him with her cold blue eyes, "but when it comes to actresses, it is going a little too far. Cliffe, what are those stories that people are whispering about you, and that the birds of the air have borne even to Cliftonlea?"

"Stories about me! Haven't the first idea. What are they?"

"Don't equivocate, sir! Do you know what has brought me up to town in such haste?"

"You told me a few moments back, if my memory serves me, that it was to see me."

"Exactly! and to make you give me a final answer on a subject we have often discussed before."

"And what may that be, pray?"

"Matrimony!" said Lady Agnes, in her quiet, decided way.

Lieutenant Shirley, with his eyes fixed intently on his plate, began cutting a slice of toast thereon into minute squares, with as much precision as he had used in spreading his napkin.

"Ah, just so! A very pleasant subject, if you and I could only take the same view of it, which we don't. Do you want to have a daughter-in-law to quarrel with at Castle Cliffe so badly that you've come to the city to bring one home?"

"One thing I don't want, Lieutenant Shirley," said Lady Agnes, somewhat sharply, "is to see my son make a sentimental fool of himself. Your cousin Charlotte is here, and I want you to marry her and go abroad. I've been wishing to go to Rome myself for the last two or three months, and it will be an excellent opportunity to go with you."

"Thank you, mother! But at the same time, I'm afraid you and my cousin Charlotte must hold me excused!" said the lieutenant, in his cool manner.

"What are your objections, sir?"

"Their name is legion! In the first place," said the young gentleman, beginning to count on his fingers, "she is five years older than I am; secondly, she is fat—couldn't possibly marry any one but a sylph; thirdly, she is a widow—the lady I raise to the happiness of Mrs. S."

"Must give me a heart that has had no former lodger; fourthly, she has a son, and I don't precisely fancy the idea of becoming, at the age of twenty, papa to a tall boy of six years; and, fifthly, and lastly, and conclusively, she is my cousin, and I like her as such, and nothing more, and wouldn't marry her if she was the last woman in the world!"

Though this somewhat emphatic refusal was delivered in the coolest and most careless of tones, there was a determined fire in his blue eyes that told a different story. Two crimson spots, all unusual there, were burning on the lady's fair cheeks ere he ceased, and her own eyes flashed blue flame, but her voice was perfectly calm and clear. Lady Agnes was too great a lady ever to get into so vulgar a thing as a passion.

"You refuse?"

"Most decidedly! Why, in Heaven's name, my dear mother, do you want me to take (with reverence be it said) that great slug for a wife?"

"And pray what earthly reasons are there why you should not take her? She is young and handsome, immensely rich, and of one of the first families in Derbyshire! It would be the best match in the world!"

"Yes, if I wanted to make a *marriage de convenance*. I am rich enough as it is, and Madame Charlotte may keep her guineas, and her black eyes, and her tropical person for whomsoever she pleases. Not all the wealth of the Indies would tempt me to marry that sensual, full-blown, high-blooded Cleopatra!"

One singular trait of Lieutenant Shirley was that he said the strongest and most pungent things in the coolest and quietest of tones. The fire in his lady mother's eyes was fierce, the spots on her cheeks hot and flaming, and in her voice there was a ringing tone of command.

"And your reasons?"

"I have given you half a dozen already, *ma mere*!"

"They are not worth thinking of—there must be a stronger one! Lieutenant Shirley, I demand to know what it is?"

"My good mother, be content! I hate this subject. Why cannot we let it rest."

"It shall never rest now! Speak, sir, I command!"

"Mother, what do you wish to know?"

"There is another reason for this obstinate refusal—what is it?"

"You had better not ask me—you will not like to know!"

"Out with it!"

"The very best reason in the world, then," he said, with his careless laugh. "I am married already!"

CHAPTER III.

THE HEIRESS OF CASTLE CLIFFE.

A STORMY March morning was breaking over London. The rain and sleet driven by the wind, beat and clattered against the windows, flew furiously through the streets, and out over graveyards, brickfields, marshes and bleak commons, to the open country, where wind and sleet howled to the bare trees, and around cottages, as if the very spirit of the tempest was out on the "rampage." Most of these cottages out among brick-yards and ghastly wastes of marsh, had their doors secured, and their shutters closely fastened, as if, they, too, like their inmates, were fast asleep, and defied the storm. But there was one standing away from the rest, on the hillside, whose occupants, judging from appearances, were certainly not sleeping. Its two front windows were bright with the illumination of fire and candle, and their light flared out red and lurid far over the desolate wastes. The shutters were open, the blinds up, and the vivid glare would have been a welcome sight to any storm-beaten traveler, had such been out that impetuous March day; but nobody was foolish enough to be abroad at that dismal hour of that dismal morning, and the man who sat before the great wood fire in the principal room of the cottage, though he listened and watched, like sister Anne on the tower-top, for somebody's coming, that somebody came not, and he and his matins meditations were left undisturbed. He was a young man, sunburnt and good-looking—a laborer unmistakably, though dressed in his best; and with his chair drawn up close to the fire, and a boot on each end, he drowsily smoked a short clay pipe. The room was as neat and clean as any room could be, the floor faultlessly sanded, the poor furniture deftly arranged, and all looked cozy and cheerful in the ruddy fire-light.

There was nobody else in the room, and the rattling of the rain and sleet against the windows, the dull roar of the fire, and the sharp chirping of a cricket on the hearth, were the only sounds that broke the silence. Yes, there was another: once or twice, while the man sat and smoked, and nodded, and listened to the storm there had been the feeble cry of an infant; and at such times he had started and looked uneasily at a door behind him, opening evidently into another room. As a little Dutch clock on the mantel-piece chimed slowly six, this door opened, and a young, fair-haired, pretty woman came out. Her eyes were red and swollen with weeping, and she carried a great bundle of something rolled in flannel carefully in her arms. The man looked up inquisitively and took the pipe out of his mouth.

"Well!" he pettishly asked.

"Oh, poor dear, she is gone at last!" said the woman, breaking out into a fresh shower of tears. "She has just departed! I feel tired, and if you will take the baby I will try to sleep now," she says, and then she kisses it with her own pretty loving smile; and I take it up, and she just turns her face to the wall and dies. Oh, poor dear young lady! with another tender hearted tempest of sobs.

"How uncommon sudden!" said the man, looking meditatively at the fire. "Is that the baby?"

"Yes, the pretty little dear! Do look how sweetly it sleeps."

The young woman unrolled the bundle of flannel, and displayed an infant of very tender age indeed—inasmuch as it could not have been a week old—slumbering therein. It was very much like any other young baby in that fresh and green stage of existence, having only one peculiarity, that it was the merest trifle of a baby ever seen. A decent wax-doll would have been a giantess beside it. The mite of a creature, void of hair and eyebrows, and nails, sleeping so quietly in a sea of yellow flannel, might have gone into a quart-mug, and found the premises too extensive for it at that. John looked at it as men do look at very new babies, with a solemn and awe-struck face.

"It's a very small baby, isn't it?" he remarked, in a subdued tone. "I should be afraid to lay my finger on it, for fear of crushing it to death. It's a girl, you told me, didn't you?"

"To be sure it's a girl, bless its little heart! Will you come and look at the young lady, John?"

John got up and followed his wife into the inner room. It was a bedroom; like the apartment they had left, very neat; but, unlike that, very tastefully furnished. The floor had a pretty carpet of green and white; its windows were draped with white and green silk. A pretty toilet-table, under a large gilt-framed mirror, with a handsome dressing-case thereon, was in one corner; a guitar and music-rack in another; a lounge with green silk cushions in a third; and, in a fourth, a French bedstead, all draped and covered with white. Near the bed stood a round gilded stand, strewn with vials, medicine-bottles, and glasses; beside it, a great sleepy-hollow of an arm-chair, also cushioned with green silk; and on the bed lay the mistress and owner of all these pretty things, who had left them, and all other things earthly, forever. A shaded lamp stood on the dressing-table. The woman took it up and held it so that its light fell full on the dead face—a lovely face, whiter than alabaster; a slight smile lingering round the parted lips; the black lashes lying at rest on the pure cheek; the black, arched eyebrows sharply traced against the white, smooth brow, stamped with the majestic seal of death. A profusion of curling hair, of purplish black luster, streamed

over the white pillow and her own delicate white night-gown. One arm was under her head, as she had often lain in life; and the other, which was outside of the clothes, was already cold and stiff. Man and woman gazed in awe—neither spoke. The still majesty of the face hushed them; and the man, after looking for a moment, turned and walked out on tiptoe, as if afraid to wake the calm sleeper. The woman drew the sheet reverently over the face, laid the sleeping baby among the soft cushions of the lounge, followed her husband to the outer room and closed the door. He resumed his seat and looked seriously into the fire, and she stood beside him, with one hand resting on his shoulder, and crying softly still.

"Poor dear lady! To think that she should die away from all her friends like this, and she so young and beautiful, too!"

"Young and beautiful folks must die, as well as old and ugly ones, when their time comes," said the man, with a touch of philosophy. "But this one is uncommon handsome, no mistake. And so you don't know her name, Jenny?"

"No," said Jenny, shaking her head retrospectively, "her and him—that's the young gentleman, you know—came bright and early one morning in a coach; and he said he had heard we were poor folks and lately married, and would not object to taking a lodger for a little while, if she paid well and gave no trouble. Of course, I was glad to jump at this offer; and he gave me twenty guineas to begin with, and told me to have the room furnished, and not say anything about my lodger to anybody. The young lady seemed to be ill then, and was shivering with cold; but she was patient as an angel, and smiled and thanked me like one for everything I did for her. And that's the whole story; and the young gentleman has never been here since."

"And that's—how long ago is that?"

"Three weeks to-morrow. You just went to London that very morning, yourself, you remember, John."

"I remember," said John; "and my opinion is, the young gentleman is a scamp, and the young lady no better nor she ought to be."

"I don't believe it," retorts his wife, with spirit. "She's a angel in that bedroom, if ever there was one! Only yesterday, when the doctor told her that she was a-dying, she asked for pen and ink to write to her husband, and she said if he was living it would bring him to her before she died yet—poor dear darling!"

"But it didn't do it, though," said John, with a triumphant grin, "and I don't believe—"

Here John's words were jerked out of his mouth, as it were, by the furious gallop of a horse through the rain; and the next moment there was a thundering knock at the door that made the cottage shake. John sprung up and opened it, and there entered the dripping form of a man, wearing a long cloak, and with his military cap pulled over his face to shield it from the storm. Before the door was closed, the cloak and cap were off, and the woman saw the face of the handsome young gentleman who had brought her lodger there. But that face was changed now; it was as thin and bloodless almost as that of the quiet sleeper in the other room, and there was something of fierce intensity in his eager eyes. At the sight of him, Jenny put her apron over her face and broke out into a fresh shower of sobs.

"Where is she?" he asked through his closed teeth.

The woman opened the bedroom door, and he followed her in. At sight of the white shape lying so dreadfully still under the sheet, he recoiled; but the next moment he was beside the bed. Jenny laid her hand on the sheet to draw it down, he laid his there, too; the chill of death struck to his heart, and he lifted her hand away.

"No!" he said, hoarsely, "let it be. When did she die?"

"Not half an hour ago, sir."

"You had a doctor?"

"Yes, sir; he came every day; he came last night, but he could do nothing for her."

"Is that man in the next room your husband?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Tell him, then, to go and purchase a coffin, and order the sexton to have the grave prepared by this evening. In twenty-four hours I leave England forever, and I must see her laid in the grave before I depart."

"And the baby, sir?" said the woman, timidly, half-frightened by his stern, almost harsh tone. "Will you not look at it—here it is?"

"No!" said the young man, fiercely. "Take it and begone!"

Jenny snatched up the baby, and fled in dismay; and the young man sat down beside the dead face lay. Rain and hail still lashed the windows, the wind shrieked in dismal blasts over the bare brick fields and bleak commons. Morning was lifting a dull and leaden eye over the distant hills, and the new-born day gave promise of turning out as sullen and dreary as ever a March day could well do. "Blessed is the corpse that the rain rains on!" and so Jenny thought, as she laid the baby on her own bed, and watched her husband plunging through the rain and wind, on his doleful errand.

The dark, sad hours stole on, and the solitary watcher in the room of death kept his vigil undisturbed. Breakfast and dinner hour passed, and Jenny's hospitable heart ached to think that the young gentleman had not a mouthful to eat all the blessed time; but she would not have taken broad England and venture to open the door uninvited again. And so, while the storm raged on without, the lamp flared on the dressing-table, the dark wintry day stole on, and the lonely watcher sat there still. It was within an hour of dusk, and Jenny sat near the fire, singing a soft lullaby to the baby, when the door opened, and he stood before her like a tall, dark ghost!

"Has the coffin come?" he asked. And Jenny started up and nearly dropped the baby with a shriek, at the hoarse and hollow sound of his voice.

"Oh, yes, sir; there it is!"

The dismal thing stood up, black and ominous, against the opposite wall. He just glanced at it, and then beckoned again at her.

"And the grave has been dug?"

"Yes, sir; and if you please, the undertaker has sent his hearse on account of the rain, and it is waiting now in the shed. My John is there, too. I will call him in, sir, if you please."

He made a gesture in the affirmative, and Jenny flew out to do her errand. When she returned with her John, the young man assisted him in laying the dead form within the coffin, and they both carried it to the door and laid it within the hearse.

"You will come back, sir, won't you?" ventured Jenny, standing at the door and weeping incessantly behind her apron.

"Yes. Go on!"

The hearse started; and John and the stranger followed to the last resting-place of her lying within. It was all dreary, the darkening sky, the drenched earth, the gloomy hearse, and the two solitary figures following silently after, with bowed heads, through the beating storm. Luckily, the churchyard was near. The sexton, at sight of them, ran off for the clergyman, who, shivering and reluctant, appeared on the scene just as the coffin was lowered to the ground.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust!" The beautiful burial-service of the English Church was over. The coffin was lowered, and the sods went rattling drearily down on the lid. The young man stood bareheaded, his auburn hair uttering in the wind, and the storm beating unheeded on his head. John was bareheaded, too, much against his will; but the clergyman ran home with unheeded haste the moment the last word was uttered; and the sexton shoveled and beat down the sods with the professional phlegm. Just then, fluttering in the wind, a figure came through the leaden twilight; the young man lifted his gloomy eyes, and the new-comer his hat. He had yellow hair and a jaundice complexion, and his overcoat was a sort of yellowish brown—in short, it was Mr. Sylvester Sweet.

"Good-morning, Lieutenant Shirley! Who in the world would expect to meet you here? Nor lost a friend, I hope?"

"Have the goodness to excuse me, Mr. Sweet. I wish to be alone!" was the cold and haughty reply.

And Mr. Sweet, with an angel smile rippling all over his face, left accordingly, and disappeared in the dismal gloaming.

With the last sod beaten down, the sexton departed, and John went slowly to the gate to wait in wet impatience for the young gentleman. Standing at his post, he saw that same young gentleman kneel down on the soaking sods, lean his arm on the rude wooden cross the sexton had thrust at the head of the grave, and lay his face thereon. So long did he kneel there, with the cold March rain beating down on his uncovered head, that John's teeth were chattering, and an ink darkness was falling over the city of the dead. But he rose at last, and came striding to his side; passed him with tremendous sweeps of limb, and was standing, dripping like a water-dog, before the kitchen fire, when the good man of the house entered. Jenny was in a low chair, with the baby on her lap, still sleeping—its principal occupation apparently; and he looked at it with a cold, steady glance, very like that of his lady mother.

"I am going to leave England," he said, addressing them both when John entered. "In twenty-four hours I am going to India, and if I should never come back, what will you do with that child?"

"Keep it always," said Jenny, kissing it. "Dear little thing! I love it already as if it were my own!"

"If I live, it will not only be provided for, but you will be well paid for your trouble. You may take this as a guaranty of the future, and so—good-by!"

He dropped a purse heavy with guineas into John's willing palm; then going over, looked at the sleeping infant with a cold, set face, for one instant, and then stooping down, touched his lips lightly to its velvet cheek. And then, wrapping his cloak closely around him, and pulling his military cap far over his brows, he was out into the wild, black night. They heard his horse's hoofs splashing over the marshy common, and they knew not even the name of the "marble guest" who came and disappeared as mysteriously as the Black Horseman in the 66 man tale.

And so the world went! In her far-off home, amid the green hills and golden Sussex downs, sat a lady, whose pride was so much stronger than her love, that by her own act she had made herself a childless, broken-hearted woman. Steaming down the Thames, in a great transport, a young officer stood, with folded arms, watching the receding shores he might never see again, whose love was so much stronger than his pride, that he was leaving his native land with a prayer in his heart that some Sepoy bullet might lay him dead under the blazing Indian sky; and, sleeping in her cottage home, all unconscious of the destiny before her, lay the little heiress of Castle Cliffe!

(To be continued.)

APRIL AND ITS OFFSPRING.—Snows, balmy sunshine, the raw air of November, April showers, sleet, and now again a steady and brisk snow-storm—these are the charms of variety upon which, after our late escape from March, we have happily fallen. We confess to

THE WANDERER TO HIS BRIDE.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Wherever I roam by land or by sea,
And life holds give peace to my love,
Thoughts of a loved one with sweet ecstasy
Come waiting their influence o'er and o'er.
And out of these thoughts comes an image fair,
While faithful dreams picture thee there.

However distant from thee I may roam,
Mid scenes that change with the varied lands;
Where the mountains are purple in even's gloom,
Where the shores are sprinkled with golden sands,
And the white sails gleam of anchored ships,
I still feel one farewell kiss on my lips.

Whenever I long the shore to behold,
That holds the idol my heart has enshrined,
My arms, this moment should be shielding fold,
And lips should be whispering in love's language
Kind.

The passionate yearning that springs from my heart
Is an assurance how much I love thee art.
When bells chime soft in the church tower at night,
And as their solemn sound floats on the air,
My hands I fold like a penitent's prayer,
And whisper, loved one, for thee a calm prayer.

The stillness of night then soothes in my breast
The longing for thee, and brings me sweet rest.
Oh, the dream of sweet love in holy guise
Haunts me wherever on earth I may roam,
And when I sleep I find I have lost mine eyes
My spirit seeks thee, though distant thy home,
And whispers to it, in loving communion,
Be patient, my love, with thee I'll be soon!

Overland Kit:

THE IDYL OF WHITE PINE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," "WOLF
DEMON," "WHITE WITCH," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

PATRICK GWYNE APPEARS.

A LOW cry of alarm came from Bernice's
lips as she beheld the masked man standing
within her room.

"Don't fear! I ain't a-goin' to harm you,"
said the outlaw, gruffly, his voice hard and un-
natural.

Bernice made a single step toward him as
the tone of his voice fell upon her ears. Her
lips were parted as though a question trembled
upon them, and there was an eager and an
anxious look upon her beautiful face.

The road-agent guessed the question that
was on Bernice's tongue.

"You know me, eh?" he said, with a hoarse
chuckle.

"I—I think I do," the girl replied, slowly, a
puzzled expression upon her face.

"Oh! you know me, fast enough, and I know
you, too, Bernice Gwyne. I knew you the
moment I set my eyes on you in the coach the
other night, although it's ten years since I've
seen your face."

"Ten years?" said Bernice, very slowly,
speaking as if she were in a dream, and her
eyes fixed steadily upon the outlaw.

"Yes, it's ten years since I 'evanted' from
old Gotham and found a home in the Far West.
I've changed a heap since that time; the
smooth-faced boy has become the bearded man;
the hand, that once only struck in self defense,
is now raised against all."

"And who are you?" cried Bernice, sudden-
ly, the girl standing rigid as a statue, and
staring with straining eyes upon her strange
visitor.

"What do you ask that question for, when
you must know who I am?" demanded the out-
law, coarsely.

"Answer it, please," replied Bernice, quiet-
ly, but with a suppressed agitation in her face
that was painful to behold.

"You know well enough. What man is
there in this hyer ranche likely to call you by
name, the moment he sets his eyes on you, like
I did, when I put my head in at the coach
window? Who is it that you've come all the
way from the East to find, eh?" the outlaw
asked.

"Patrick Gwyne," she replied.

"Take a good look at me; I'm the man,"
said the road-agent.

"You, Patrick Gwyne?" Bernice questioned,
slowly.

"Yes, you know I am; when you look upon
me and hear my voice, you know that I am
Patrick Gwyne, although you have tried to
cheat yourself into a belief that you have dis-
covered Patrick Gwyne in this blackleg, Dick
Talbot."

"How do you know that?" demanded Bernice,
quickly.

"Because I overheard all that passed between
you and him up in the ravine to-day," replied
the outlaw, with a laugh.

Bernice started as though she had been bitten
by a serpent.

"It's time," added Kit, noticing the move-
ment of the girl. "I was snugged down
among the pines; you see, I have to be pretty
careful how I walk round this hyer town.
You happened to meet this fellow not ten
paces from my hiding-place, so I heard all that
passed between you. I could hear though I
couldn't see, but for all that, I saw something,
without the use of my eyes, that he didn't see
with the use of his."

"And what was that?" asked Bernice, a
peculiar expression upon her face.

"That Larnice Gwyne, if she stays in Spur
City long, will be very apt to make a fool of
herself," replied Kit, bluntly.

"You think so?"

"I know so," he said, decidedly. "Why,
Bernice, I know you of old. The free and
open-hearted child has not changed, although
she has grown to womanhood; her nature is
still the same. But, you're on the wrong track,
my girl; switch off; say good-by to this region
and get back East as fast as possible."

"And leave you, Patrick Gwyne, to lead
this life?" questioned Bernice.

"What other is open to me?" said Kit, dog-
gedly.

"The life of an honest man; you are young
yet; the best years of your life are still before
you," exclaimed Bernice, earnestly.

"Too late!" said the outlaw, with a shake of
the head.

"It is never too late to forsake the ways of
evil!" replied the girl.

"Oh, there's no use talking; leave me alone;
you can't help me. Go East and forget
that such a man as Patrick Gwyne ever exist-
ed!" he exclaimed.

"Patrick, do you know what has happened
at home?" she asked, quietly, but with a world
of feeling in her tone.

"Yes."

"Yes, the father forgot that he had a son;
well, the son once forgot that he had a father;
both are even. Perhaps if the father had
been more of an Irishman and less a Roman,
the son would not have disgraced his gray
hairs."

"How can you speak so, Patrick?" ex-
claimed Bernice, softly, her large eyes filling
with tears.

"It is the truth," the outlaw replied, stub-
bornly. "My father had read that the Ro-
man, Brutus, gave his son to death; his coun-
try first, his kindred after; my father aped
the Roman and would have given me to the
scaffold had I not found safety in flight. Years
came and went, yet he did not relent; the
foolish boy, that a kind word perhaps might
have saved from evil, became a desperate man.
When my father was on his deathbed, even, he
did not relent."

"How do you know?"

"I guessed it," said the outlaw, with a
sneer.

"You did not guess rightly," Bernice said,
softly.

"Your father's illness lasted only a few
hours; the shock came so sudden that it
gave him no time to undo the wrong that he
had committed in his will; but yet, the last
word upon his lips was your name; in his dying
hour he thought of the son whose name he had
forbidden all to speak."

The teeth of the outlaw were tightly com-
pressed, and his muscular frame shook with
strong emotion.

"Will you not, then, leave this dreadful
life and seek once more the path of honesty?"
Bernice asked, eagerly.

For a moment the road-agent did not reply;
then, with a great effort, he recovered his com-
posure.

"Enough of that," he said. "I have already
given you my answer, and now give me yours.
Will you leave this place and return to the
East?"

"No."

"You will not!" exclaimed Kit, harshly.

"No," replied Bernice, firmly.

"And why will you not?" demanded the out-
law, evidently annoyed. "You have found
what you seek. I am Patrick Gwyne. You
do not doubt that, do you?"

"No," Bernice replied.

"You came to the West to find me; you have
found me. That ends your mission. What
can keep you here?"

"No."

"And yet you say that you overheard the
interview between myself and this Mr. Talbot,
to-day."

"So I did, every word; if you doubt it, I'll
repeat the conversation."

"No, I do not doubt it," Bernice replied.

"You also said that you, without eyes, dis-
covered something which escaped his vision."

"Yes, I did."

"And you ask why I remain here?"

Kit looked at the girl for a moment in sil-
ence; wonder expressed itself in his dark eyes.

"You love this man?" he cried, suddenly.

"I do," Bernice replied, firmly and proud-
ly.

"Girl, you are mad!" cried the road-agent,
roughly.

"Do you think so because I love this man,
who calls himself Talbot, and because I am
not ashamed to confess to you, my cousin,
Patrick Gwyne, that I do love him?" the girl
said, the peculiar look again appearing on her
face.

"You love this fellow, this Injun Dick,
bully, gambler, cheat of the first water? A
scoundrel that the Vigilantes will string up
to the branch of a tall pine some fine morn-
ing as a warning to the rest of his out-throat
tribe?" cried Kit, hastily, and with bitter in-
dignation.

"Yes, I love him," replied Bernice, proud-
ly, "and that love shall win him from the mire
of evil and make an honest man of him once
again." As she spoke, the color flushed her
cheeks and a bright, joyous light sparkled in
her eyes.

"Oh, girl, you will lose yourself and not
save him!" cried Kit; "the task is impossible.
Besides he loves another woman—the girl,
Jinnie, who keeps this place. She saved his
life once; that life belongs to her. Leave him
to his fate."

"Patrick Gwyne, why do you attempt to
deceive me?" cried the girl, suddenly. "You
are playing a bold game, but already I guess
it. I know you, despite your disguise. You
cannot blind my eyes. You and Injun Dick
are—"

"Hush!" cried Kit, quickly extending his
hand in warning. "There is some one in the
entry!"

CHAPTER XVII.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS AGAIN.

Bernice obeyed the warning and kept sil-
ent.

The quick ears of the outlaw had not de-
ceived him. There was some one moving in
the entry outside. Some one moving cau-
tiously.

"They're after me, I think," said the out-
law, coolly.

"After you?" exclaimed the girl.

"Yes, I shall have to run for it, maybe."

The noise in the entry increased; the one
man there was joined by a dozen others, judg-
ing from the noise they made.

"I'm in a trap, sure," muttered Kit, listen-
ing, anxiously.

"He's somewhere in the house now, you bet!"
exclaimed a hoarse voice outside.

"Joe Rain, by heaven!" cried Kit, grinding
his teeth together in anger. He had recog-
nized the voice of his former follower.

"Let a number keep watch below, while the
rest search the rooms," said the stern voice of
Judge Jones. He was evidently on the land-
ing outside.

"So, wolves and dogs, all on my trail," mut-
tered the road-agent, an angry menace in his
tone.

"If they discover you?"

"They'll string me up to the first tree that
comes handy," replied Kit, guessing the half-
asked question.

"Is there no way by which you can escape?"
Bernice asked, anxiously.

"Yes; open the window, slowly and care-
lessly; look out and see if there is anybody
down in front of the saloon," the outlaw said,
quickly, his ready wit coming to his aid.

Bernice opened the window.

"Well?" questioned Kit, anxiously.

"There are two or three standing in the
doorway," she replied.

"Put there of course to watch that I don't
jump out of some of the windows," muttered
the road-agent, in anger. "I'm in a trap;
this visit to you, Bernice, may cost me my
life."

"Why not remove your disguise? They do
not suspect that the outlaw is daily in their
midst," Bernice said.

"Disguise!" cried Kit, in wonder. "What
mad notion have you got into your head?"

With a violent kick, one of the men in the
entry forced open the door. The entry was
filled with men, some of whom bore candles.

With the speed of the lightning's flash, the
road-agent drew his revolver, and fired into
the crowd.

Howling in terror, the miners tumbled over
each other in their anxiety to escape from the
raige of the bullets of the outlaw. The can-
dles were extinguished and confusion reigned

supreme. None of the pursuers were injured,
though, by the fire of the road-agent; purpose-
ly he had aimed over their heads.

With a second movement, as quick as the
first, Kit brushed the middle of the little table
and extinguished it. Then, with a bound, he
vaulted upon the window-sill and leaped light-
ly to the ground.

As he had anticipated, the noise of the fire-
arms had attracted the knot at the door into
the house.

The coast was clear for the escape of the
desperado; but the pursuers were close be-
hind.

Kit ran up the street at a terrific burst of
speed. The miners poured tumultuously from
the house and followed in the chase. Thanks
to the confusion attending the discharge of
Kit's revolver, he had managed to secure an
excellent start.

As the miners followed in pursuit, they
opened a running fire from their pistols upon
the fugitive; but the night was dark, the
moon being partially obscured by clouds, and
the aim of the miners uncertain; so the road-
agent really stood but little chance of being
hit.

Judge Jones was not with the crowd of
pursuers, although he had led the mob in the
hotel. The miners did not notice his absence,
so absorbed were they in their human chase.

After running up the street a few hundred
yards, Kit darted suddenly to the left. Under
a low, tumble-down shed stood a horse. It
was the famous steed of the road-agent, the
brown mare with four white stockings and a
bright blaze in the forehead.

With a bound, Kit swung himself into the
saddle. Up the street, at racing speed, went
the horse.

Enraged at the now certain escape of their
prey, the miners emptied their revolvers at
the flying steed and rider.

Kit turned and laughed in defiance, waving
his hand in bravado as he rode on.

A few moments more and the outlaw disap-
peared in the gloom of the darkness.

Disgusted and breathless, the pursuers re-
turned slowly from their fruitless chase. In
front of the Eldorado they found Judge Jones
and Joe Rain, busy in conversation.

"He was too much for us, Judge!" ex-
claimed Ginger Bill, the driver, who had been
one of the foremost in the pursuit.

"Ran away from you, eh?" asked the Judge,
in his usually calm manner.

"Had his horse down under a shed corraled,
an' he jist got up an' got like a 'tarnal airth-
quake!" exclaimed Bill.

"Never mind, we'll have him before morn-
ing," said the Judge.

"Well, you may," replied Bill, doubtfully;
"but if he shows his nose hyer for a week, he's
a bigger fool than I take him to be."

"This lucky escape will render him careless.
Bill, I want about four good men to go with
me," said the Judge.

"What for, Judge?"

"To make an arrest."

"I'm your man, for one!" cried Bill.

"Put me down for wan!" exclaimed the
Irishman, Patsy, who was one of the crowd.

Two more of the crowd volunteered, and so
the party was made up.

Headed by Judge Jones, and accompanied
by Joe Rain, the little party proceeded up
the road, heading toward Gopher Gulley.

Many were the quiet remarks among the
rank and file of the party as to the object of
the expedition. But as Judge Jones had, some
time before the opening of our story, been for-
mally elected Mayor of Spur City, no one
thought of questioning his orders, or of asking
information regarding them.

On through the darkness of the night
trudged the little party. Spur City was left
behind, and the rocky defile, northward, en-
tered.

The defile ended, and the little creek that
tumbled into the Reese crossed, the party saw
before them the flickering lights that marked
the location of the little mining camp known
as Gopher Gulley.

Two houses, and some, twenty tents, and
tents and houses combined, made up Gopher
Gulley.

The largest shanty, of course, was the saloon,
which was dignified by the title of Cosmopolitan
Hotel.

When the little official party from Spur
City entered the Cosmopolitan, a quiet game
of poker was going on in one corner. One of
the players was Injun Dick; another one, the
giant who rejoiced in the appellation of
Landy Jim, the man-from-Red-Dog; three
other rough-looking fellows made up the
party.

Talbot nodded familiarly to Bill, said "good-
evening" to the Judge, when the party entered,
and then picked up the hand that had just been
dealt him.

From the size of the little pile of coin before
Dick, it was evident that he had not been win-
ning.

"What brings you up our way, Judge?"
asked the landlord of the Cosmopolitan, a
huge-bearded giant of a fellow, with a round,
good-natured face.

"A little business, that's all," replied the
Judge, blandly. "Mr. Talbot, and he ad-
dressed the card-player.

"Eh, did you speak to me, Judge? I'll see
that, and go ten better." This addressed to
the card-players.

"I'm very sorry to disturb you, but—" and
the Judge hesitated.

"What is it? Spit it out, Judge! Do you
call me to the Red-Dogite, referring to the
game."

"Not by a durned sight, till you get all your
pile up," replied Jim, confidently.

"I shall have to trouble you to come with
us," said the Judge.

All within the room, except Joe Rain, stared
at the Judge in astonishment. Those who had
accompanied him from Spur City were fully
as amazed as the others.

"You want me?—what for?" asked Dick,
astonished.

"You are my prisoner, sir," said the Judge,
in a tone which showed plainly that he was in
earnest.

"Your prisoner?" exclaimed Talbot, amazed.

"Yes; you must accompany us to Spur
City."

"Of what am I accused?"

"That you will soon learn; your trial will
commence at once."

"Say, Dick," cried Jim, springing to his
feet, "just you say the word, an' I'll clean out
the whole brood, I'm a gay old mustang,
I am, an' I chaw up a man a week—injuns
ain't counted!" and the man-from-Red-Dog
squared himself scientifically, and prepared to
"go for" the Spur-Cityites.

"No, no!" cried Dick, quickly, laying down
his hand and gathering up the few pieces of
silver that remained to him; "don't kick up
any fuss on my account. I'm ready to go
with you, gents," and then he muttered in an
undertone, as he rose:

"I might have guessed this; I've got the
queen of hearts in my hand again."

CHAPTER XVIII.

FACE TO FACE.

Bernice, from the open window, watched
eagerly the flight of the outlaw.

Of course all Spur City had been alarmed at
the noise of the firing, and the street was well
lined with men, women—very few of the softer
sex, though, in Spur City—and children.

It had been quite a time since a first-class
"ruction"—as the Irishman would have said
—had occurred in the mining camp, and the
inhabitants thereof were not slow to improve
the opportunity now afforded.

Bernice could see the bright flashes of fire
that came from the pistols of the pursuers;
hear the sharp reports that rung out so clearly
upon the night-air.

With clasped hands, anxious eyes, a pale
face, and a bosom that throbbed tumultu-
ously, the girl tried to watch the progress of the
chase.

The night was dark, though, and in a few
seconds the crowd passed beyond the line of
her vision, but she could still see the little
patches of fire, hear the pistol-reports and the yells
of the pursuing crowd, who were shouting like
so many savages.

"Oh, merciful Powers! let him escape!"
murmured Bernice, in anguish; "he is not fit
to die. Give him time to repent; give him
time to see the evil of his ways."

Then to the ears of the girl came the sound
of the hoofs of a horse galloping rapidly
away.

The reports of the revolvers came thicker
and faster, the yells of the miners more and
more discordant, and then—all was still; save
that a busy hum, produced by moving feet and
many voices, came to her listening ears.

"He has escaped, or else he is dead," she
murmured, and her cheek grew paler still at
the second thought. "I must learn the truth!"
she exclaimed, wildly. "This suspense is too
terrible to bear."

The noise of the voices and the sound of the
feet grew louder and louder as the crowd came
nearer and nearer.

As the miners came into sight, Bernice's eyes
were strained with an eager look. She feared
to behold the road-agent, a prisoner in their
midst, or else to see him borne along, life-
less, by their hands.

Her fears were idle, for Overland Kit had
escaped the hot pursuit.

The crowd surged up to the door of the sa-
loon, and Bernice heard the conversation that
had ensued between Ginger Bill and Judge
Jones, relative to the escape of the outlaw.
Then she heard the Judge's demand for volun-
teers.

Again Bernice trembled, and again her cheek
grew pale. In the simple words of the Judge
she sensed danger.

"Can he have guessed the truth, which has
seemingly baffled all other eyes but mine?" she
mused, anxiously.

She watched the little party proceed on their
mission.

How strange! the quick instinct that dwells
in the breast of a woman! Without any reason
for her belief—without being able to tell
why or wherefore—the thought flashed through
her mind that the expedition of Judge Jones
and his four volunteers boded danger to the
man whom she had boldly declared she loved
—Injun Dick.

Although the Judge and his men had been
swallowed up in the darkness, yet still Bernice
watched eagerly from the window.

She listened to the conversation of the min-
ers, who were gathered in a little group in front
of the saloon, discussing the late affray. She
heard the opinion expressed:

"'Sces Yellow Jim went fur Big-noted
Smith, 'cos he said as how he was the first co-
yote to strike pay-dirt in Wildcat No. 1, it war
the liveliest little time I've seed."

This by a veteran miner—one of the origi-
nal Californian "diggers."

Bernice, carried away by the excitement of
the moment, had never thought of closing the
door of her apartment, which had been kicked
open by the crowd in pursuit of the road-
agent.

And as she leaned out of the window, listen-
ing to the talk of the crowd beneath, she was
unconscious that her room was plunged in dark-
ness, and that the door was wide open.

One thought alone occupied her mind—the
fate of the man known as Overland Kit to the
miners, but to her as Patrick Gwyne, the long-
lost cousin, whom she had followed from the
far Atlantic coast.

The rustle of a woman's dress within her
room, and the flame of a candle illuminating
the darkness that surrounded her, caused Bernice
to withdraw her attention from the crowd
beneath the window.

Bernice withdrew her head from the open
casement, and turning around, beheld the girl,
Jinnie, standing with a lighted candle in her
hand, in the center of the room.

"I'm very sorry, Miss, that they should have
disturbed you by entering your room so rough-
ly," said Jinnie, picking the candle up from the
floor, where Kit had thrown it, and placing it
on the table, then lighting it by the flame of
the candle that she held in her hand.

"I suppose the excitement under which
they were laboring excuses everything," Bernice
said, gazing with curiosity upon the face
of the young girl.

A strange contrast there was between the
two. Bernice, with her handsome face and the
air which bespoke the breeding of a lady; and
Jinnie, the wild-flower, who had been reared
among the rough life of the mines; her face thin,
and a look of shrewdness about the eyes and

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is commenced in this issue of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, and the reader will find in

VICTORIA;

OR,
The Heiress of Castle Cliffe.
with what art and power Mrs. Fleming writes when she is at her best. Undoubtedly this is one of the finest serial stories which has been given to the press in a long time, and it will be received with great interest and attention.

The Arm-Chair.

In Houssaye's "Confidences," from which we quoted in our last, we find this paragraph, regarding a reception and ball given on a late March evening—in Paris, of course: "I saw last night, at Madame Harloff's ball, the New World and the Old-Paris and New York—disputing the fashionable supremacy by dresses as brilliant as sheet-lightning. It was like fairy-land, all those pretty women in that charming hotel in the Champs Elysees, all abloom with camellias, tulips, and primroses. It was the first smile of springtime, and the last hour of the Carnival."

Paris and New York. That's what is the matter. Paris in New York is "all the rage." It is goods and gewgaws with Parisian names; and not to know how to chatter French is becoming an indelible sign of plebeianism. It is French this and French that, until it seems that anything American is not worth the notice. From a kid glove to a bridal trousseau—from a cake of soap to a carriage—from a bun to a five-course feast—it is all French. The way over to Paris has become such a highway that thousands now travel it yearly merely to do their shopping and eating.

The money Americans spend on Paris yearly is enough to sink a ship, and the only wonder is that we consent to live here at all. We are reconciled by substitutes. A new French "hat" goes a great ways toward making life endurable, while French carpets, furniture and hangings are such a comfort that we endure our plebeianism and domestic associations with something like resignation. Not to have French plate-glass in your windows, French mirrors on your walls of plaster of Paris, French carpets on your floors—why, you are to be pitied and shunned; you can not expect the "respectability" to call upon you.

Even the maids in our kitchens sport their French kid gloves, French gaiters, French flowers and French dresses. We hear, indeed, that they propose to strike for higher wages, upon the plea of doing French cooking. And pray, why shouldn't they, since what is French even in name is French ever so much more than what is American?

The question is, as Grace Liston says—how much further can we go in this devotion to the merely extrinsic and extraneous? Is it not about time to take an account of stock and see just where we stand? Are not a little self-assertion and a good deal of self-respect virtues that will bear exaltation? To continue this subservience to a foreign nation must render us contemptible in the estimation of those having sense enough to see servility in its true conditions.

Sunshine Papers.

Books.

The preacher said, "Of making many books there is no end," and that was so many years ago that mankind's knowledge of the wise divine and his words is confined to the record of them.

What would the poor gentleman say, in this nineteenth century, if he could revisit earth and behold the hundreds of thousands of people employed in some connection with this making many books, of which, indeed, in our age, there is no end? What would he have thought of the machines for stamping men's thoughts upon pages with the velocity of lightning? What of the piles of papers, magazines, and books, in homes alike of the rich and poor; of the great public libraries; of the stores confined to that branch of trade; of the stalls along the streets; and the subscription-book solicitors at the doors; and the thriving business against the railings at the ferries; and the man rushing through the cars with the last popular novel? What word of censure would he have pronounced upon the literary thieves who make name and fortune by pilfering the thoughts of others; what assurance of sympathy have given to the reviewer forced to scan, perpetually, new books, good, bad and indifferent?

As the preacher's astonishment and remarks must remain a matter of speculation, suppose we return to that same reviewer? How often have I pitied him; how often shuddered for the authors he so mercilessly dissects; and wondered, when I read some glowing eulogy, how much richer he was in pocket that day!

A disgraceful intimation? So I think; but a true one, nevertheless; and it goes to prove that we cannot always depend upon the reviewers for correct advice as to what books we should read. Every one ought to read a little; peruse some books. There are few homes so poverty-stricken that an interesting volume may not be added to its possessions occasionally; no person so much an outcast as not to find accessibility to the realms of literature.

Put reading in the way of children; not so plentifully and rapidly as to pall their taste for it; but judiciously. See that they have vivacious, amusing, instructive books, and fresh, captivating magazines; but keep from them papers and books filled with tales of crime and redundant with the impossible adventures of youths who are painted as heroes

because of their wicked daring, and in whose lives sin is made glorious. Keep from them, equally religiously, the books wherein children are made too good to live, too unreal ever to have lived, and are presented, altogether, through a pious halo unhealthy, distorted, and unnatural. Well do I remember crying bitterly while my mother read to me an absurd memoir of a child so utterly unchildish that she ought never to have existed, if she ever did; and, being questioned of my grief, begging:

"If you please, I don't want to hear that book. I know the little girl is going to die, she is so dreadfully good."

And I have always felt profound respect for the little girl who confessed to committing a wrong deed, remarking, "I don't want to be good, mamma, 'cause if I am, I'll die." Give the little ones books about girls and boys as human as themselves, and do not be afraid of the fairy tales.

Every home should be supplied with a choice of reading which will please alike youths and maidens, the middle-aged and the old, the grave and the gay.

"Dreams, books, are each a world, and books, we know, are a substantial world, both pure and good."

Let those who would cultivate sensibility have access to the pages of Mackenzie and Goethe; and those who need good sense concerning common matters of life find Franklin at their disposal. If the youth dreams of a political future, put Webster and Calhoun, and Montesquieu, and Nordhoff in his way, and give him the life of Washington and Demosthenes to read. For the grave-souled, who delight to tutor their reasoning powers, have Bacon, and Chillingworth, and Butler, and Locke; and for those who revel in classical literature, Steele, and Coleridge, and Carlyle, and Lamb, and Addison; or history, Hume, Bancroft, Gibbon, Kingsley, Froude and Macaulay. Do not be chary of such grand imaginative literature as may be found within the pages of Milton and Shakespeare, nor exclude from your library such writings as have emanated from the pens of Emerson, E. B. Hale, Jean Paul Richter, Ruskin, Lamartine, Bayard Taylor, and Irving.

And the poets, Moore, and Browning, and Pope, and Wordsworth, Goldsmith, Tennyson, Robert Browning, Holland, Whitier, Bryant, Byron, Longfellow, Ingelow, give them all a place in the home circle.

And, lastly, but by no means least, have generous shelves filled with the works of the novelist. For we cannot all be statesmen and students; but through the pages of the novel the veriest outcast can move a principal figure in the politics and history of past and present; the toiling work-girl can get restful insights into the realms of taste and luxury. The novelist familiarizes readers of every condition with other countries, and minds, and classes, and their own; teaches bits of philosophy, well worth the knowing, brings superiority to mere animal needs and existence, inspires feelings of justice, and moves the masses to correct appreciation of great abstractions and so induces reform. To those who lift us out of ourselves and beyond the carking of daily cares, give generous welcome. There is no purer, healthier literature for young or old than that furnished by Scott, Hawthorne, Thackeray, Trollope, Dickens, Hugo and Eliot; nor can the lads and lasses find any harmful sentiments in the works of Grace Aguilar, Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Charles, H. B. Stowe, Mrs. Whitney, Miss Warner, the Brontës, Marion Harland, J. F. Cooper, J. S. C. Abbott, Hans Christian Andersen, Sam. Muloch and J. T. Trowbridge.

Cowper says: "Books are not seldom talismans and spells, and we are forced to believe that many a one is a spell for evil. It would be absurd, however, because, of the sea of books everywhere flooding the world, some are dangerous, to put a ban upon all. As good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself. And yet Bacon has well said: 'Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.'"

Young men and women should always have some book wherewith to fill up the moments that will occur daily in every life, be it ever so busy. Think! If only ten, fifteen or twenty minutes a day are spent in reading something instructive, how many hours the aggregate will show at the end of a year, or five years, and how much knowledge you will have gained. In hours of travel, during little delays, evenings, and perhaps an hour snatched in the long summer mornings, how many excellent books you can make yourself acquainted with; but be sure they are books worth the knowing; books that have amused, entertained, instructed, but have left no doubtful impressions upon the mind; books you will never wish you could efface from your memory. Perhaps I can give no better criterion for judging books, nor end my essay more practically, than by quoting Southey upon the influence of literature: "Could you know whether the tendency of a book is good or evil, examine in what state of mind you lay it down. Has it induced you to suspect that what you have considered unlawful and dangerous, after all, be innocent and harmless? Has it tended to make you impatient under control, and disposed you to relax in self-government? Has it addressed itself to your pride, your vanity, your selfishness, or any other of your evil propensities? Has it defiled the imagination or shocked the heart? Has it disturbed the sense of right and wrong which the Creator has implanted in the human soul? If so—if you are conscious of all or any of these effects—or if, having escaped from all, you have felt that such were the effects it was intended to produce, throw the book into the fire."

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

DON'T CROWL.

It is decidedly wrong, my good friend, to give up in despair and sit down in a despondent state, when matters do not eventuate as you want them to. How on earth is it going to mend the affair or make your burden of life easier to carry?

Because you are disappointed in business, love or pleasure, is that any reason you should say you haven't a friend in the world, that no one cares for you, that the world is only incumbered by your presence, and the sooner you and the world are done with each other the better?

It may all be very romantic and exceedingly poetic to talk of suicide and state that your body will be found floating in the cold water, but it is extremely wicked and deserves a harder scolding than I am capable of giving. I once heard a great, strong and healthy young man give utterance to just such expressions. I could not see how he was going to better himself by "shuffling off this mortal coil," and I just up and told him so. I read him a lesson and impressed on his mind about there being a Hereafter. The foolish fellow argued that he would run the risk of a Hereafter, as it couldn't treat him any worse than the present had. Now, I am not much given to sentiment, and how I happened to give utterance to the words that follow I cannot say, but I know I did remark: "If you do not want to live for yourself, then live for those who love you."

The ridiculous fellow replied that there wasn't one soul who *did* love him! I couldn't swallow that, because I believe the vilest creature on earth has some one who will or who does love him. I'm sure Nero was about as bad a scoundrel as ever lived and was despised by almost every one, and yet we read that some one loved him enough to strew flowers on his grave!

I don't wonder we often lose our friends; we grumble them away from us; we pour our real and imaginary troubles into their ears until they grow perfectly sick in hearing them. Grumbling is not a pleasant style of discourse to listen to.

We have a great many blighted beings in this world, individuals that all are conspiring against, according to their own imaginations, and the way they brag of their blightedness would lead one to seriously imagine they enjoyed it. A great deal of this "blight" arises from indigestion!

Of course we all have our troubles, cares and disappointments, but we cannot cure them by growling, and we can make them less grievous by bearing them patiently and resignedly. There is always some one who has a darker lot than ours, whose cross is far heavier to bear; so, instead of bemoaning our own hard lot, we had best try to cheer up others.

We mustn't murmur unnecessarily; we were not placed upon this earth for any such purpose. If the sun does go behind a cloud, it is going to emerge from it again, and we cannot keep it from doing so with fretting, fussing and fuming.

Somewhat or other, there are many individuals who dwell on this sphere of ours, whom nothing can please, strive as we may, until we give up striving from sheer disgust, and then these carpers groan and cry that they "have no one to comfort them." Do they *deserve* our comfort? Of course they don't, and we are not one whit to blame for withholding it from them.

Then away with long faces, doleful looks and "solemn" countenances, and let cheerfulness and good-nature reign in their stead. "Twill make the world better and brighter; the days will not seem so long nor the hours so dull. It will be bright, glad some summer all the year round, and we'll make hosts of friends."

Bury your cares in the ground; don't dig them up and don't go near them to look at them. Be content with what you have, and sigh not for the unattainable. Lock the door on trouble, snap your fingers at the "mulligrubs," be content to wait until your time comes to die and don't even contemplate suicide, and "never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you."

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolsap Papers.

Concerning the Ancient Egyptians.

The ancient Egyptians lived three thousand years ago. I'd hate to live three thousand years back. They thought they lived in modern times, but they didn't know any better, it seems. Let us all feel sorry for them.

I have never met any of those old settlers except in a dried state. They are dry old fellows, and are very much wrapped up to themselves, and sorely need a change of linen.

I lately bought a venerable resident of Egypt three thousand years ago, and put him to soak. I was surprised to see him revive and open his eyes, and he began to talk in the Egyptian tongue, of which I know nothing, but which I took down in exceedingly short hand, and reduced to broken English by the simple reduction of fractions.

He gave me a full account of the habits of his people, which are so little known at the present day. These are reliable because I wrote them myself.

They always threw themselves across the back of a chair when they went to sleep, or else slept under the bed, and used to try to see which could snore the loudest.

They rose up in the morning and took breakfast—before they awoke. They argued that a breakfast eaten while asleep went further than when awake, and then it was rather delightful to eat breakfast before waking, as we moderns are perfectly well aware of.

In riding a horse they sat backwards, and were never frightened at any danger that might have been ahead; and on being thrown they always strove to light on their feet.

They always climbed up to the forks of a tree to pull off their boots, and blew their noses with a pair of bellows.

They walked pigeon-toed, with their heels to the front; or when he wanted to ride an Egyptian would take himself up under his arm and carry himself off, or get into a wheelbarrow and wheel himself anywhere he wanted to go.

If an Egyptian was very hungry he would hire some one to help him eat his dinner.

From notions of economy they wore both feet in one boot to save the other, especially if they were going a great distance.

They always ran when they walked to get there sooner.

Every time an Egyptian told a lie he would immediately tell a truth to balance it, and thus made it all right and fair.

Whenever they found a hole in a stocking they clipped it out with a pair of scissors, or burnt it out.

They always found out the time of day by inquiring of their neighbors.

In cold weather they always wore umbrellas to keep warm.

An Egyptian always considered his wife as one of the family, and took every occasion to tell his mother-in-law that she was another.

Men were not allowed to marry until their wives could afford to keep a husband.

Their notes were always drawn payable at sight, and so it took a good while for them to see it.

When one would have his head taken off by a circular saw he always got along without it the best way he could, and said nothing about it to his most intimate friends.

They always sleigh-rid in a carriage and carriage-rid in a sleigh; they were accustomed to it and seemed to think it was all right.

If an Egyptian died and never survived it, thus becoming extinct, and I might say deceased, departing this life, as it were, and considered dead, they salted him down, canvassed him, and then smoked him in a smoke-house. By this means he was cured—of all the ills that flesh is heir to.

The agricultural portion of the people lived by farming.

Their first instinct was to deal honestly with everybody—their second wasn't—and they generally stuck to second thoughts.

They always washed their faces with a dry towel, and combed their hair with a splinter, and always kept their teeth white with a daily coat of whitewash.

They hitched the horse at the rear end of the cart invariably, and a footman going any distance always got permission to walk behind a wagon, or got some other fellow to help him walk the distance, and then the other would often get the biggest half of the walk put on him.

An Egyptian took very little along with him when he died, only a small bundle containing a change of clothes; no real estate, or anything else; such were the laws of the country. They worshipped the ox, both as a divinity and as beef.

They were abstemious in their habits, and never ate any more than they wanted, unless they were invited out to dinner, and they never drank more than what they wanted, unless what they wanted was less than what they drank.

They lived on Egyptian soil and any victuals they could get.

It is somewhat remarkable that they never had any grandmothers.

The Egyptians usually died shortly after their last breath, or a few minutes before, just as they took a notion to.

After imparting this information the old mummy dried up and became mum without a mumble.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Spring Styles for Gentlemen.

Now that spring weather really seems to have "put in an appearance," we may advert to the styles likely to prevail in gentlemen's wear for the coming season.

A noticeable feature in the coats is their length: they are to be longer than hitherto, both business, frocks, and swallow-tails.

The Prince Albert frock is quite a favorite with our society gentlemen. It is cut double-breasted, and buttons easily. This style of garment is demi dress, and can be worn on almost every occasion, except at the desk or behind the counter. The materials generally used are fine twilled worsted coatings; some few are of small figures. Black is the mode color; yet dark blue and brown shades are very much admired.

The double-breasted frock is a very popular garment; it is generally made of black broadcloth—the skirt of medium length, and the collar plain.

The dress coat is made of black cloth, with swallow-tail which is of medium length. The lapels are plainly faced; the collar is of the same cloth of which the coat is made.

A walking coat has short rolling lapels; and the skirt is somewhat long. This style of promenade coat is very becoming to the majority of gentlemen.

In business suits the coat is made much longer, and the lapels are made shorter, well cut away in front; it has pocket flaps on the hips. The cloths used are worsteds, cassimeres coming in mixtures, and small gray checks. Some of these suits are worn to match throughout. The London sack suit is very popular. This style is neat, and certainly convenient; it is made up in flannels, suitings, and cassimeres. The single-breasted sack suit is another favorite style with our fashionable gents; the materials are Knickerbocker suitings, linen, and blue flannels.

Spring overcoats—these useful and dressy articles of clothing are great indicators of men's character. You will never see a much used top coat on a neat society gentleman. The present style is rather long, single-breasted, long rolling lapels, and quite close fitting. Cambridge and Oxford light grays; also, very dark brown and black are the ruling colors for spring overcoats; the materials are plain cloths, meltons, and worsteds.

"Recreation" suits are exceedingly pretty; the leading style is arranged in two modes—a blouse with plaits, and cut rather loose, buttoning up close to the throat. The pants are perfectly plain. The other mode has same style of blouse, but knee-pants and long garters.

Vests are of all modes; they are made both single and double-breasted, and the style of make is governed in a great measure by the pattern of the material, and the fashion of the coat worn with it. They are made of material to match the coats with which they are worn. White silk is the style for weddings. Black silk and velvet vests are not so popular as formerly. When designed for full dress occasions, the vest should roll quite low, but all depends upon the taste of the wearer.

There is one decided style in the cut of pantaloons. They are quite straight, and only roomy enough for comfort. Fancy pantaloons come in cassimeres of all shades and styles, which dyes and patterns are gray mixtures and broken checks. Dress pantaloons are made of plain black doeklin.

Collars are growing; they are worn higher all around, and the truncated points are still called for. The Denmark collar is effective and becoming to the majority of gentlemen. The pretty Windsor collar is still popular; this mode is quiet, and has the happy knack of suiting all the fault-finding gentlemen. Plain bosoms are the "go" for everyday shirts. The turn-over cuffs are making another effort to get into favor; this style of cuff requires the link buttons. The inverted plaits are novel and quite new; the style is simple and yet effective. The latest "agnony" in mode shirts have Marcellus bosom, cuffs and collar; this fashion holds the starch famously, and gentlemen desiring limpy bosoms and collars will hail with delight this "stiff" mode shirt. Shirts opened at the back are daily growing into favor.

The "civilized rights" shirts (colored, of course) are gradually passing away, and yet a few fancy prints are made up into mode shirts, designed for our society gentlemen.

The St. James tie is the latest style of necktie. The latest colors in ties and scarfs are smoke, grayish blue, dark brown, and gray plaids, mixed with blue and black. The Windsor scarf is worn.

Yellow kids, embroidered on the backs, are all the rage; they come with buttons, and look "stunning." Fancy socks, of all colors, are in demand.

Hats are worn much lower in the crown than those in vogue last spring. Silk hats are also reduced in height; the "bell" shape is slowly becoming invisible. Medium brims are the latest innovation in hats. Dark green felt is the chick racing hat. Black felts take the lead in all modes of hats.

Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species, with the design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, have, in that action, bound themselves to be good-humored, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient and joyful, with respect to each other's frailties and perfections, to the end of their lives.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. received for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a postage marked "Post Paid." MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy," third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, leaving off each page as it is written, carefully giving it its full or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We will find place for "True Love," "Helen's May Basket," "The Last Guest," "Mrs. Dillon's New Hat," "Texan Tom's Exploit," "Roping in Greenhorns," "A Lost Heart," "Sauce," "A Day's Sport in the Ritz," "Five Years Ago."

These contributions we cannot return. Only such are returned as held stamps inclosed: "Bob Perry's Luck," "Josephine," "A Jolly Far," "The Bride of a Night," "Abe Last a Boy," "The Mohawk's Vision," "A Wife's Testimony," "Walt Whitman," "The Chief's Undeclared Plunge," "A Crow Dance."

Miss P. P. Girls cannot legally marry at your age without parents' consent.

DAN E. The MSS. came underpaid in postage—hence were not received.

FRANK, Newburg. Cannot use the sketches indicated. No novelty in such matter.

G. T. A. Any of the down-town up-stairs jewelry dealers will fill orders, or give you information.

J. P. A. "Boston Cabinet-maker" is a weekly paper devoted to the furniture trade.

SANCHO. There are several large books of poetical quotations. Among the best is Mrs. Hole's "Poet's Offering."

H. B. S. Writing for the press certainly demands both a fair education and an originating or creative faculty of mind.

A CONSTANT READER, Atlanta, had better see the German consul at Savannah and submit the evidence for his suggestions and advice.

H. W. B. To receive any benefit from a milk diet you must continue it for a considerable time, and during that time must avoid alcohol in all shapes.—Care the cracks on your hands by smearing the hands nightly with carbol and glycerine soap, wearing an old kid glove to keep them from the bedding. Stains may be removed from the hands by washing in weak vitriol water, being careful to use no soap.

ODELLA. Alpaca bank-dots will be worn this summer, also the Ulster dusters, which are made of gray alpaca, brown duck and Spanish linen. See report of Gents' Fashions elsewhere.

E. A. S. and W. A. V. Buy a jar already tinfolled at any dealer's who supply such ware. You can order one from the city by express.

S. ARNETT. We do not care to see the MS. indicated. HEADLINE'S DIME NOVELS embrace only the best romances by the best authors. You evidently are wholly unskilled in composition.

T. S. W. "The secretary of a Sunday-school keeps all the records of scholars' attendance, dismissal, etc.; all the proceedings of teachers and business meetings; attends to the provision and floating fund of penmanship. A person of good intelligence and good penmanship."

ENDY R. "Don't know beans" is an expression for not knowing much. It originated in this way: The Greeks used to vote by ballot, and the ballot was a bean. The beans were carried in his pocket, and when he was undecided which way to vote he would say "I don't know beans."

FLY wants to know whether sea-fishing is considered sport. Some of it is the grandest of sport. We do not mean whipping eels and flounders out of pools, or still-baiting for blackfish and bluefish. That is mere commercial fishing. Trolling for bluefish and Spanish mackerel, and menhaden bait-fishing for bass, are sports worthy of as much consideration as the first two. Sea-fishing is a combination of excitement, science and a good fight which are the essence of sport.

O'SHAUGHNESSY asks: "What are the best places to troll for pike?" In most of the northern rivers, especially those flowing in flat countries, some with marshy banks. They are found from Canada to Virginia. In the north they grow to the largest size, being known as muskies, or muskies, or maskinongies. In the United States the pike is usually called "pickemul." In England that name is given to young pike, very little ones. The pike or pickerel is a very beautiful fish, with a greenish back and sides, and a white belly. It is taken by trolling with bright metal "spoons" and scumming with live minnows. Trolling is most sport.

H. D. L., writing from Kansas, asks: "Why is it that so much aid comes to Kansas and yet the poor people do not get any of it?" We do not know. Enough money and provisions and clothing have been sent to the Kansas and Nebraska "Grasshopper Sufferers" to keep the sufferers in ease a whole year. If the generous donations of the East have been stolen or squandered you people out there must "go for" the delinquents with relentless vigor.

DES MOINES. Artificial flowers are cut out by steel punches for leaves or lacunas, and then colored before being made up, the material being of various natures—velvet, silk, foundation, cambric, etc. Wax flowers can be made at home successfully, but not the ordinary millinery style. The flowers are not only machinery and great variety of material, but a combination of artists or manipulators to produce all the parts. It is a trade to learn and pursue only in cities.

YOUNG INQUIRER. We can answer only three of your queries this week. Birds have gizzards filled with sharp gravel in order to aid digestion. Having no teeth they swallow the material being of various natures—velvet, silk, foundation, cambric, etc. Wax flowers can be made at home successfully, but not the ordinary millinery style. The flowers are not only machinery and great variety of material, but a combination of artists or manipulators to produce all the parts. It is a trade to learn and pursue only in cities.

CHAS. G. D. The cheapest route to California is by sailing vessel around Cape Horn. The cheapest by Pacific Mail steamers via Panama. The rail route is most expensive—\$138.25 for passage alone. The best route for gold seekers is by Utah, we believe. For gold go to Colorado. Diamonds are not found in this country to any great number. The best mines are in Brazil and South Africa. A young man of 17 should not go to California, or any mining region under good protection. Mining regions are proverbially infested with tough characters.—In mining a lady, who bows to a lady acquaintance, you can be sure that she is a courteous salute, but are not at liberty to speak unless an introduction is made.

PORT DONDE RECURRIT. The further north you progress the more unequal the length of day; and nights at different seasons of the year. At Hamburg, the longest day has 17 hours, and the shortest 15; at Stockholm, 15½ hours, and 5½; at St. Petersburg, 14½ hours, and 4½; at Finland, 14 hours, and 4 hours; in Norway, the day lasts from the 31st of May to the 2d of July, the sun not getting below the horizon for the whole time, but skimming along very close to it in the north. At Spitzbergen the longest day lasts three months and a half. Work it out yourself why this is so and let us hear from you.

GEORGE R. SAVANNAH. Some of the best minds of the world have ever known early death. We now recall these, among other instances: Milton at 20 had written his finest miscellaneous poems. Byron had published all his best poetic treasures before he was 34. Pope wrote many of his poems by the time he was 16; at 35, his great work, the translation of Iliad. Mozart, the musician, completed all his compositions before he was 34 years old, and died at 35. Sir Isaac Newton had mastered the highest elements of mathematics before he was 30; at 30 he occupied the mathematical chair at Cambridge. But still more remarkable were the cases of Edmund Burke and the younger Pitt. Burke, one of the most eminent lawyers the world has ever known, at the age of 19 planned a refutation of the metaphysical theories of Descartes, and Hume. The younger Pitt was scarcely 19 when he grappled with the veterans of Parliament in favor of the American colonies. A mere boy, yet Chancellor of the Exchequer of the kingdom of Great Britain!

MONODY.

BY EBBE E. REXFORD

The robin carols wild with glee
The happy measures of his song,
To see again upon the lea
The blossoms he has missed so long.

The hills' high summits far away,
Blend dimly with the tender sky,
And sunshine of this golden day
Drops benedictions from on high.

I wander down the sunny slope,
And think of him who talked with me
Of coming days, and thrilled with hope
When dreaming of the time to be.

I see the wind-flower in the grass,
And gather from his weak-old grave,
The violet nodding in the grass;
A love to such sweet things he gave.

He loved the blossoms and the birds,
And talked with all the babbling brooks;
To him they spoke delightful words;
Kind Nature taught him from her books.

Oh, Earth, he loved you passing well,
And now, oh, now, he loveth rest;
That he, your child, might slumber well
He laid him on your gentle breast.

Bring here your blossoms and your birds
To make his resting-place most sweet,
And whisper him your tenderest words
To make his peace at last complete.

"Bonny Kathrina."

BY LUCILLE HOLLIS.

I came across a letter yesternight, yellow
And faded and old, written me in the long ago
By a friend; and it ran thus:

"You will remember the old building at
whose entrance we found seats one summer night.
I am reminded to mention this change also. It was
torn down over a week ago. You can, perchance,
imagine my feelings as I saw this familiar old land-
mark disappear. For many is the time I have since
wandered by that trying-place, and dreamed the
dream of the night over again. But never, never,
more shall you and I rest ourselves there, however
propitious be the fates of our future lives. And
only in dreams shall it stand for us as we knew it in
the summer of 1893."

Ah, truly, never, nevermore, shall you and I
sit ourselves in that old trying-place, to-
gether, Vincent; for the grasses of eight sum-
mers have tossed their sprays lightly above
your grave as dreamlessly you have slept in
that quiet New England churchyard. But still,
in memory, I see the quaint old stone
house where we sat in the harvest moonlight.
It was just over the crest of the hill on which
nestles Alterbrand Hall, among its greenery of
maples—beautiful, silent, deserted Alterbrand.

How often I have thought of its young heir
as I saw him once in the summer of '60; that
fatal summer of his life, three years before
you and I spent one August-time, together,
just within the shadows of the homestead from
which his blithe presence was gone. I can
see him yet; tall and slender as a young sap-
ling; with brown waves of hair tossed back
from his pale, earnest, classic face, and dark,
thoughtful eyes looking so wistfully and im-
mately upon the world in which he hoped to
do noble work. Rare grace of form, and
beauty of face, and quiet, refined, reserved
manners, had Clyde Alterbrand. No wonder
the mother worshipped the boy whom death had
alone spared her of all her treasures.

She is dead now. I read the notice a few
months ago, copied from an Italian paper. If
ever I see the white portals of Alterbrand
again, gleaming down the arch of interlacing
maples, change will have come to it; strangers
will have opened wide its closed windows, and
filled with life its silent walls; and none will
know of its once young master's last sweet
dream there.

And that reminds me, Vincent, dreaming
here over your long ago letter, of some pages
from Clyde Alterbrand's life you read me un-
der the shadows of the decaying rose-trellis,
over against the Hall. You sealed the packet
up that day and gave it me. I have it yet un-
opened, and that was almost twelve years ago.
But if I break the seal, now, perhaps other
hearts than mine will give tender remembrance
to the heir of Alterbrand. I will.

Two ceaselessly rainy days, and then, late
in the afternoon, the sun won victory over the
leaden skies and shone gorgeously, transform-
ing to gold the prisoned drops in the flower-
cups and stealing luscious odors from the tempt-
ing sprays of berries. I was glad to see the
warm yellow light once more and escape from
indoors to the glittering garden. It was late
when I came in and thrust my feet in slippers,
and, all on a sudden, sat down to the piano in
the dusk-darkened parlor; visitors came rarely
to Alterbrand since father's and Minnie's
death. A long time I sat, playing softly, the
room getting full of sweet darkness, when the
thud of quick footsteps came along the
rain-wet walk and sprung upon the piazza to
the opened windows.

"Clyde, my boy, are you in there?" called
a voice that I recognized as Oscar Mead's.
I went out to answer and meet him, and he put
his hand upon my shoulder, forcing me toward
the steps, saying: "Come along; some one to
see you down at the lodge."

I urged him to consider my appearance; but
he only laughed, and asked if I was afraid of
my cousins Cad and Leslie Delmar. So I went
with him down the avenue. At the gate stood
two carriages. Cad in one, Leslie and a lady,
a stranger, in the other. After I had greeted
my cousins, the lady leaned toward me hold-
ing out her hand, and asking:

"Have you forgotten me, Mr. Alterbrand?
Then I shall have to introduce myself. I am
Kate Claiborne."

Kate Claiborne! I could scarcely realize it!
Try as hard as we may, our mental eyes will
only keep pace with our physical ones in re-
membering places and persons we have known.
I had always thought of Kate as the wild lit-
tle schoolgirl who used to queen it over us
boys right royally, teasing us with her coquet-
ish caprices. For Kate was a coquette in
those days, and I one of her most humble
admirers. How often I had kissed her cheeks
to carnation and tangled her sunny hair.
Was she a coquette yet and Leslie her favor-
ed knight? I wondered as I noted how eagerly
he watched her. But no! Kate, the lovely
woman, has outgrown her childish imperfec-
tions! How fussy her brown hair was; and
her eyes—like stars—they burned one's soul.
That first night they read mine; as we parted
she bent toward me saying, softly:

"You are greatly changed from the gay
boy-Clyde, and I think I can fashion the cause
of the transformation. It is the noble life-
work you have chosen. God bless you, and
make you a successful clergyman."

And then they drove away through the
moonlight, and I went in to dream of the
days when we had all been happy children to-
gether. The next morning I was talking to
mother of the call, and it seemed to me she
listened with unusual seriousness; I feared I
had recalled sad memories of Minnie by talk-
ing of those whom Minnie had loved. But
when I joined her later in the garden, where
she was tending her flowers, she startled me
with some news.

"I have sent Miles over to Easterly, to in-
vite Cad and Leslie, with their friend, and
Mr. Mead, to spend a few days with us. I've
been thinking that perhaps I have been selfish
in my sorrow; and that we should be better
for having the gloom of our home sun-dried
once more. I am sure that the dear ones will
know, all the same, that I mourn for them un-
ceasingly."

Dear mother!
Miles brought back an acceptance of the in-
vitation. The next day, as I lay under the
maples, looking out over the valley, and the
white spire of the church where I was soon to
read prayers for our old rector, voices sounded
along the road; and one was Kate Claiborne's.
I sprang up, as the carriage entered the ave-
nue, and followed Oscar and Kate to the house.

A sudden accession of company at the Del-
mars', and Oscar's unexpected call to the city,
canceled the engagement which they had look-
ed forward to with pleasure, Kate said. And
then my mother urged Miss Claiborne to come
alone and stay with us a little time. She
promised; and I arranged to go to Easterly
for her the following day. My admiration for
Kate increased during that morning, and I
knew she completely won mother's heart.

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She came; and it seemed as if time never,
never, flew so rapidly as during the five days
she remained with us. Before we parted the
first night, in the gloaming where we had long
been singing together, it seemed as if in soul
we had never been apart; friends; and I
knew that never another woman would so
fully realize my ideal as bonny Kathrina Claiborne.
Through the sunny days we played
chess together under the rose-trellis, sung in
the maple-shaded parlor, and wandered night
and morning over the hills and far down
into the valley where we had played as chil-
dren, talking of politics, ethics and religion.
I knew that I had her firm friendship. I
scarcely dared hope I had won her heart, until
the last night of her stay.

We were out on the piazza, in the harvest
moonlight, and she asked me to sing to her
one of my college songs of which she had
grown fond. Of course I complied—who
could have refused her as she looked up from
her lower seat, a pleading light in her starry
eyes, and the pale moonbeams rendering heav-
enly pure her flower-fair face!

Ah, me! fatality!
That brings us to our journey's end,
When friend must bid farewell to friend.
Ah, me! fatality!
What will it bring to you and me?
A dark, unknown fatality.
Ah, me! fatality!
And shall we then united be
Through all the long eternity?

As I ceased, I heard Kathrina repeating,
slowly:

Ah, me! fatality!
That brings us to our journey's end,
When friend must bid farewell to friend.

Then she almost whispered, "Fatality has
brought us to that time, Clyde."

"And you care, Kathrina? Say that you
do!"

She looked up into my face, and there were
real tears in her eyes, outstriking the tears of
the night that the honeysuckle branches had
tossed on her flossy hair. "Can you doubt it?"

Perhaps I was rash; but what mattered
rashness when I knew I could not exist with-
out her? I gathered my bonny Kathrina in
my arms, and made her promise that, what-
ever else fatality might bring us, it should
bring us never life, one without the other.
The next day she went away for a week.
And how that long, lonely, miserable week
taught me the depth of my passion!

When she returned, to spend the last ten
days with us before I went back to college,
Vincent Dannfelt had come. I was disap-
pointed at first that he and Kate did not like
each other; and almost angry with him when
he suggested that he thought Miss Claiborne
was a coquette. But he did not know my
bonny Kate then! They grew better friends,
afterward; so good friends that I should have
been jealous of them had they been other than
Vincent and Kate.

Oscar Mead came one day, and Kate went
out horseback riding with him. It seemed
hard to have him take her away for half a day,
when I was to have her so little time. And
perhaps that was why I was so foolish as to
suggest that she seemed wonderfully glad to
see him. As she said, I quite forgot how old
a friend of hers he was; and that Kate has a
way of enjoying things so thoroughly as to ex-
hibit a much greater warmth of feeling on
every occasion than ordinary mortals are wont
to do.

At last the day came when Vincent and I
must return to college; and Kate and I were
obliged to part for a year!

A year! how horribly long it seemed—how
dreary the months ahead seem yet, even with
my Bonny Kate's frequent long letters to cheer
me. But I am working hard; for her sake, I
mean to win.

The "horrible year" is over! What a
shameful coward I have been not to have writ-
ten Bonny Kate's name in so many months.
But then I was ill, and consequently weak, for
a long time after that letter of hers came tell-
ing me of her year-old engagement, and that
our friendly correspondence really must cease;
though she should not forget her promise to
come and see me graduate.

Ah! that last line, how it burned itself into
my heart! And how I have worked to win
the highest honors, that I had cared to win
once for her sake alone! And I succeeded;
though I think I should have failed, to-day, if
her starry eyes had not been looking up at me
from among the crowd. She had no triumph
I am not weak, nor a coward, longer, Bonny
Kathrina. I fear your image here, now, for-
ever out of my heart!

I am glad I am going to see old Alterbrand
again, to-morrow. I am so weary for mother
and home. I shall be stronger by fall, and
then—

Ah, me! fatality!
What will it bring to me?
A dark, unknown fatality.

It brought him to his "journey's end." In
the late days of autumn, when the birds were
trilling mournful farewells to summer, and the
maples that crowned the hill at Alterbrand un-
furled banners of scarlet and gold over the yel-
lowing meadows, they buried Clyde from the
old white church where he had one day hoped
to stand as rector.

"He killed himself with study," the village
folk said; but I—standing by the one black-
robed mourner at the coffin-head, and looking
my last upon the face of the young heir of Al-
terbrand—knew that the hand of Bonny Kath-
rina Claiborne, being given that day in mar-
riage at a distant altar, was wed with the blood
of my lover; and that the lips vowing fidelity
to one friend had murdered with their passion-

ate kisses this too-true heart lying pulseless at
his feet.

Alterbrand Hall is silent now. Its mistress
is dwelling in a foreign land. And like the
great closed hall, that will never see him more,
I seal this fragment of its young heir's life.

VINCENT.

And so, old letter and old leaves, memories
of dead lives both, farewell! Ye are the
world's now.

The Terrible Truth:
OR,
THE THORNHURST MYSTERY.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,
AUTHOR OF "STRANGELY WED," "THE FALSE
WIDOW," "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED," "CO-
RAL AND RUBY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

PARTED.

SIR RUPERT ARCHER, valise in hand, walk-
ed across from the village station and into
Thornhurst, as the tongues of flame sprung up
from the chandeliers and from the wax-tapers
which studded the festoons decorating the walls,
upon Christmas eve.

The colonel met him in the hall most cordi-
ally.

"We had quite given you up," he said, with
a hearty handshake. "The ladies have been
making a doleful moan at losing you, as they
supposed. That's what it is to be young and a
favorite. But, how does this come? Did you
miss the carriage? I sent it to meet the ex-
press on the mere chance of any late comer."

"I saw nothing of it, and am almost glad it
was so. A mile's walk on a clear frosty eve-
ning over a good road with the expectation of
Christmas cheer ahead is the best of appetizers,
and I have been observing the admirable situa-
tion of your grounds as I came along. Thorn-
hurst is a fine place, an exceedingly fine place,
of which our Sussex lords and squires might be
proud."

"You invest it with too much merit, Sir Ru-
pert. Great as my own affection for Thorn-
hurst may be I am aware it will bear no com-
parison with your wide-spread English do-
mains. You will wish to go to your room at
once, I presume. The dressing-bell rung full
ten minutes ago, but dinner can be delayed a
trifle for your accommodation. Here, Benson,"
beckoning a servant appearing at the rear,
"show Sir Rupert Archer to the room reserved
for him, the front chamber, north. My niece
would not admit any other occupant, even at-
ter she had given up all hope of you."

Dinner was not required to wait for the bar-
onet. Never a fop, his plain dress was soon
arranged, and he was the first to descend the
stairs while the loud-mouthed second bell yet
vibrated from roof to basement. He walked
up and down the lighted hall, half a smile on
his grave mouth, and a trifle more eagerness
in the candid blue eyes than was customary to
this retiring specimen of English nobility.
There was not a doubt in a moment more of
whose influence had called into being both
smile and eager light.

There was a faint rustle above, a cloud of
shimmering azure silk on the stairway, and
Nora floated down, humming a morsel from
Fra Diavolo as she came, which changed to an
exclamation of surprise and welcome at sight
of him.

"You, Sir Rupert! Is it possible? The
very last gentleman of my acquaintance I
should have expected to prove a laggard. I
always gave you credit for possessing the vir-
tue of punctuality."

"It is something to be invested with any
virtue, in Miss Carteret's eyes. I must besor-
ry to lose even the smallest."

He held her hand one second longer than was
necessary as he spoke, and she flashed a glance
up at him, standing tall and broad under the
hall lights. Compliments were rare coming
from the baronet.

"You are the only man who does not talk
nonsense to me, Sir Rupert. Pray, don't lose
your claim to my gratitude by adopting the
execrable habit, at this late day."

He was not the least in the world in love
with her, but he found a pleasure in watching
the pearly face which he had surprised himself
by being impatient to see as he neared Thorn-
hurst. Not the least in love with her, but at
that moment it would not have been hard to
have induced Sir Rupert Archer to believe it
not the most impossible consummation in the
world.

"You have come from Vane?" she asked, a
quick change in her tone. "Is he there still?"

"He is there still, but has taken passage in
the steamer for the third. He will come down
to Thornhurst first if there is the slightest
chance of winning Colonel Vivian's pardon."

"My guardian, so generous on every other
point, is hard as a rock where Vane is concern-
ed. I do believe he would not relent to save
him from life-long exile."

Just then another premonitory rustle was
heard, and Mrs. Grahame appeared upon the
stairway, and after her came the train of
Christmas guests. Sir Rupert was welcomed
again, and reproached for tardiness, and the
whole party went in to dinner, for as Young
defines the one grand sympathy of mankind:

"Their various cares in one great point combine,
The business of their lives—that is, to dine."

"So sorry you are not down in time to take
an active part in our entertainments for the
evening," said Mrs. Grahame to the baronet,
who was installed in the place of honor at her
right. "With your talent engaged I would
have no fear of success. You Englishmen as
a rule are so self-contained you should prove
the *ne plus ultra* of actors. With the list of
performers as it is I am almost confident."

"Mrs. Grahame has pressed us all into ser-
vice," spoke Nora, opposite. "Such a well-
drilled lot of amateurs as we have been this
past week should reflect some of the credit due
such an indefatigable chief."

"It is most fortunate I was not here to be
classed among the number," answered Sir Ru-
pert. "My talent lies anywhere but in ana-
tomic acting."

"Owen Dare is superb," put in Mrs. Gra-
hame, animatedly. "Such a modest young
man—I never suspected him of actual genius
before. I am more than ever convinced that
Dare is bound to make his mark in the world
yet."

Sir Rupert's eyes lifted to meet the defiant
flash in the brown ones opposite. Was it rap-
port between the two that made his lips com-
press, and a swift gloom sweep over his face?
Whether Dare had or had not been instrumen-
tal in bringing the misfortunes which harass-
ed Vane Vivian, he was pre-judged in the
minds of these two.

"By-the-by," remarked the baronet, with a
glance down the table, "I supposed Mr.
Dare was here. I discover my mistake for the
first time."

"He has been stopping in the village for the
last two days, attending to some of the colo-
nel's complicated business affairs. I protest-
ed, for I lost my right-hand aid with Dare
gone, but even his general spirit of accommoda-
tion failed me. My uncle has discovered his
merits and taken him into confidence; he has
engaged him formally as secretary and agent,
though I think it a mistake to confine him to
so mean a position. I expected him here be-
fore this." Started on her pet theme Mrs.
Grahame talked on, and the dinner passed
rather draggingly for anticipation of the bril-
liant evening.

Quite a large company had been invited. A
range of connecting rooms were thrown into
one, draperies were artistically arranged and a
temporary stage constructed in the furthest
apartment.

Much care and study had been devoted to
all the arrangements, and Mrs. Grahame her-
self could not have desired a greater success
than the experiment proved as the evening
wore on. She had the advantage on her side
of a friendly audience, no carping critics, no
blaze lookers on to throw the chill of indiffer-
ence instead of appreciation. Dare returned
in time to draw honor upon himself. As Lara,
bold and brave, as unfortunate Earl Hastings,
the fair-haired cavalier, as reckless Rob Roy,
in tartan-plaid, as the model Italian brigand,
with appliances of burnt cork and slouched
sombrero and short cloak flung carelessly over
his shoulders, displaying a deadly-looking rap-
ier dangling from a jeweled belt—in each
and all of these various characters he repre-
sented, Dare bore off the palm.

Sir Rupert Archer sat in the audience, look-
ing on in quiet approval, but it was noticeable
to Mrs. Grahame's watchful eyes that his at-
tention was most engaged, his pleasure most
apparent, with each repetition of Nora's ap-
pearance in the mimic display.

"There isn't a doubt but she may be 'my
lady' yet if she chooses," thought the lynx-
eyed matron. "Of course she'll choose; a girl
would be a fool to throw away such a chance,
and she makes no secret of her liking. I'm
sorry for Dare, but, sensible as he is, he must
have given up hope before this. He couldn't
expect her to hesitate between himself and
nothing, and a baronet with ten thousand
pounds a year. It will be something to have
been chaperone to a 'my lady'!"

It was an idea the more pleasing for its
novelty to the American dame. She was
weighing them all in her own worldly bal-
ance, and carefully excluding the feather
which might turn the scale. Other chaper-
ones have been quite as sanguine as was Mrs.
Grahame that night, with no more encourag-
ement than she seemed to possess.

The curtain went up on an elaborate scene
—a representation from the "Midsummer
Night's Dream," in which all the previous
performers were grouped, in the center
Titania, the fairy queen. Nora in silver tis-
sue with glittering spangles, her bright hair
unbound and garlanded with flowers, fair
above all the fair faces grouped about, an
ethereal vision on which Sir Rupert's contem-
plative eyes lingered, and he drew an audible
breath as the curtain went down.

"Loveliest creature of the lot—the Car-
teret, you know. Prettiest little thing that
ever made havoc with any poor susceptible
devil—by Jove! no wonder half the fellows
here are wild about her. Cool, the way Dare
bluffs them all. I'd go in and cut him out
myself with half a shaver for it."

Mr. Telford, speaking at his elbow brought
Sir Rupert's thoughts to earth again. He had
been in the clouds for a single moment, and
they were hazy ideas which had floated in his
mind. Was he losing his heart to this fair lit-
tle republican, after all? He had never liked
any one quite so well before, and Archer Hall
would seem sadly dull and dispiriting in its
empty grandeur when he should go back to
the Sussex Parks and the quiet life of a coun-
try gentleman there. A presence like Nora's
would make it another place. Almost in Sir
Rupert's mind a new resolution was brought
to life—almost. But Telford's voice broke the
spell, and the baronet threaded his bronze-
bearded beard with those soft white fingers,
where the ruby ring, blazoned with the crest
of the Archers, glowed like fire, and made an-
swer with his usual complacency.

"Miss Carteret is lovely, as you say. She
is very much admired, deservedly so. Is that
the end of our entertainment, do you chance
to know?"

Mr. Telford was not positive, and sauntered
across to consult one of the fair amateurs who
appeared in the audience. Titania followed
in another moment, in her silver gauze and
spangles still, and came directly to Sir Ru-
pert's side.

"Just one more of these tiresome spec-
tacles," she said. "I have been wondering if
we all looked as much like senseless puppets
as we felt, up there—as I felt, rather. I will
not take the responsibility to answer for all
the rest. I was never born to be an actress.
This is something different, however, this last
tableau—with a promise sufficient to draw me
forth for a view."

"It can scarcely excel all that has gone be-
fore," said Sir Rupert, gallantly.

"Perhaps you think as Mr. Telford does. I
heard him remark to Miss Gray as I passed—
'with the light of your countenance removed
the rest must be very commonplace indeed.
Mr. Telford is in love, poor young man, and
should hardly come under the law which is a
power to sane people. Is it possible that you,
too, Sir Rupert, can be looking through his
style of glasses?'"

"Certainly not, Miss Carteret. I believe I
can conscientiously say I have never been in
love in my life."

"Never been in love! And you expect any
lady of this nineteenth century to fully credit
that? I thought falling in love was one of the
ills mortality is heir to, after the fashion of
children cutting teeth and coming through the
measles. You should set up for the eighth
wonder of the world, Sir Rupert—young, rich,
a baronet, and never in love!"

The bell tinkled, the curtain began slowly
to rise, but Sir Rupert bent his head to say:

"Let me amend my words, then. I was
never in love before—"

Unconsciously his eyes were fixed upon the
stage, and he broke off his speech, for there in
all her magnificence was the glowing Eastern
queen, the Cleopatra whom Shakespeare has
depicted with the magic which immortalized
him—a bewildering picture of such rare, dark
beauty as he had dreamed of, but never seen.

The curtain went down on a murmur of ap-
plause, the music swelled, and the audience
broke from their seats, noisily discussing this
last scene before all the other performances of
the evening. Sir Rupert had quite forgotten
his incomplete sentence, but Nora's eyes had
not failed to take in something of his absorbed
expression along with the brief scene.

"Who was that lady?" he asked. "Cer-
tainly no one I have seen before. She was
not among the guests at dinner, I am posi-
tive."

"She is my especial guest, Miss Montrose,
of the neighborhood here. She was not at
dinner because she insisted upon gratifying
some of Mrs. Grahame's extreme whims in re-
gard to the costumes. Things which were
perfect before were found sadly amiss at the
last minute, and Miss Montrose has excellent
taste. She will be here in a moment, and you
shall have an introduction, Sir Rupert."

One other had been quite as strongly im-
pressed by the vivid Cleopatra as the wealthy
baronet. It was Dare, unsuspecting until this
moment of Venetia's presence there. With
difficulty he had repressed a start, had stood
calmly watching until the curtain fell again,
and then stepped into a window-recess where
the draperies concealed him. Masks seldom
fall from skilled faces even when alone, and
Owen Dare did not change except perhaps in
hardening a shade, but there was fierce anger
in his heart, a full realization for the first time
of how that hasty act of two years ago might
rise up now to baffle his present schemes.

"For all that, I will never be baffled," he
thought, drawing his breath hard through set
teeth. "She has come here where she could
not help knowing I would least wish her to
come, that too after her own professed reason
for desiring it has ceased to exist. Blast these
women's perverse heads! The one I tired of
long ago will follow me up, and the one I want
hates me like death. Well, we shall see who
wins in the end, but I would rather bet on
one man's wit than fifty women's obstinacy.
There's always some way to lead them, thank
fortune!"

Nora brought about the introduction she had
promised the baronet. Sir Rupert Archer and
Miss Montrose stood face to face for a moment,
then he offered his arm and they sauntered
away across the room, some envious eyes fol-
lowing them, a few admiring ones noting their
tall, well-matched forms and different styles.

The rooms had been rapidly cleared, and
where the stage had been a few couples now
were circling to the measure of a Strauss'
waltz, while nearer were card-tables and a
couple of quiet persons settled over a backgam-
mon-board. He found her a seat and remain-
ed by her side while other guests danced or
played or promenaded about them.

"Your name is quite a familiar one to my
ears," said Sir Rupert, stooping to restore her
fan which she had dropped. "Montrose is the
family name of my lord of Cleveland, whose
estates join my own."

"I hope for the sake of the name they prove
themselves agreeable neighbors, at the risk of
reflecting upon so great a personage as a 'my
lord,' by supposing he could be anything but
agreeable."

"Not wholly an incorrect supposition. The
old earl of Cleveland was noted in his day for
being the most reckless and profligate peer in
the realm. He retired at last to his country
house because it was all that was left to him,
and of late years has been making spasmodic
efforts at economy which is absolute miser-
liness. He might even succeed in bringing up
his fallen fortunes, but that the young lord is
following very close in his own tracks. He
only saved himself by making a wealthy mar-
riage, a few months before I came over. I
never saw much of them, being very little at
home since their forced isolation. But of
course you are in no way interested in a de-
scription of these people, so totally strange to
you."

"Like most Americans, I am interested in
the doings of the nobility. You would smile,
but for your own probable experience of the
reality, at the halo a title casts about its wear-
er here."

"At least for nobility of mind and heart
your countrymen cannot be excelled. For
open-hearted generosity the Southerners have
borne a world-wide reputation. I chance to
have heard that you are from the South, Miss
Montrose."

he had another card to play yet—the game was not quite ended.

That night, a letter addressed to Lady Landsdowne was posted in the little post office of Monkswood. It was short, pithy, and anonymous:

"My Lady Landsdowne, be in no hurry home. His lordship is not at all lonely in her absence, as he has a younger and even prettier lady than his charming wife for company in the dull old mansion. The young person is Miss Eve Hazelwood, of Hazelwood, who, for some mysterious reason, has left the latter for the former residence. How long she is going to remain is also unknown—probably your ladyship may find out on your return. In both birds, in the m-an time, do not take unto themselves wings, and fly away. A FRIEND."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE SILVER LINING.

How Eve passed that night she best knew. Lord Landsdowne did not, though he partly guessed, seeing the white face and sunken eyes across the breakfast-table next morning. Worst of all, Senor Mendez and her only remaining friend now came not, though the morning was wearing away; and she stood straining her eyes, half wild with impatience, watching for her arrival. Noon came, and brought him not: the sultry afternoon stole on, and still he was absent. Oh! was he, too, turning against her! Was he, too, forgetting and deserting her, like the rest of the world? No, surely this was he at last. A fly had entered the gate, and was driving rapidly up the avenue. Eve started forward to meet it. Alas for her hopes! It was a fly from the railway station, and held only a lot of trunks and a lady—the sad, haughty, handsome face of a lady she had seen before, and instinctively distrusted. It was Lady Landsdowne returned. Eve drew back with a low bow, but recoiled at the fierce bright glance she met from the lady's blue eyes—a glance that, had her looks been lightning, would have blasted her where she stood. The next moment she was gone, gathering up her silken skirt with her gloved fingers, as if she feared it might be contaminated by the slightest contact with the other.

"It never rains but it pours." Oh, truest of all true proverbs! Eve stood and looked after her with a strained and bewildered air. What had she done now to incur that fiery glance? Long ago she had heard of the intense and unreasonable jealousy of Lady Landsdowne, but it never occurred to her now. "To the pure all things are pure," Eve thought of everything, but not of that; until at last roused, indignation and outraged, she turned into the house with a brightened color and flaming eyes. "I will leave this instant—I will stay no longer where I am not wanted! Let Senor Mendez go. He has forsaken me, like all the rest; but I will lie down on the roadside and die before I stay to be treated like this!"

She ran up stairs, and was crossing the hall on her way to the room she occupied, when, through the half-open door of the library, she heard a loud and passionate voice pronouncing her name. Instinctively she stopped—I think the best of us would, in her place—and listened. The library was the room in which the lord of Monkswood spent nearly all his time, but he was not the speaker. This raised angry voice was a woman's—was Lady's.

"I tell you, I will speak!" she was passionately crying out, "and I will not lower my voice. Let the shameless creature hear, if she likes; such vile wretches care little what is said to them. But you, my lord, the saint, the paragon—I have found you out at last, have I? This is the way you pass the time when I am absent! I wish Miss Eve Hazelwood joy of her conquest!"

"Lady Landsdowne," the calm, low voice of her husband said, "have you gone mad? For Heaven's sake lower your voice, or you will have every servant in the house at the door in five minutes!"

"Let them come!" cried the excited lady, "I want nothing better than to expose the pair of you! You're the model husband, forsooth!—so kind, so indulgent, so faithful—the admiration of all the weak-minded female fools I know! But I have found you out in time, and I shall turn that miserable girl from the door in five minutes, and expose her to the whole country."

Lord Landsdowne rose from his seat and crossed the room to close the door, when the sight of Eve, standing there like a stone, made him start back as if he had seen a ghost. He turned scarlet for the woman who could not blush for herself.

"Miss Hazelwood, you here! Good heavens! you must have heard all!"

"I have, my lord," Eve said, her voice sounding even to herself strange and far off, "and I am going. I thank you most sincerely for your kindness, but I wish I had been dead before I ever came here!"

Lady Landsdowne came to the door, her shawl hanging off her shoulders, her bonnet still on, her face distorted by the storm of jealous fury into which she had lashed herself.

"Yes, go, you wretched girl, before I order my servants to turn you out, but do not think your infamy is to be concealed. No, I will expose!"

"Peace, woman!" her husband thundered. "Hold your poisonous tongue, or I will forget I am a man and a lord!"

"Strike me!" screamed Lady Landsdowne, who seemed to be fairly beating herself. "I know it would come to that. But I will expose you both, the whole county shall know of it; shall know I am a wronged, slandered, insulted wife!"

She finished with an hysterical peal of laughter that ended in a wild and noisy storm of tears. Eve fled horrified, and Lord Landsdowne seizing the bell, rung a peal that brought half a dozen curious servants to the spot at once.

"Her ladyship is not well! Attend to her!" was his order, and then he too was gone. Not in search of Eve, though—he had not moral courage enough for that, but to lock himself in his own room for the rest of the day, out of the reach of his wife's serpent-tongue.

And Eve, bareheaded and unshowered, as she had fled from Hazelwood, was flying now from Black Monks. She did not fly far, however; the gate opened before she reached it, and a tall gentleman entered, and with a cry of joy she looked up into the kind eyes and friendly face of Senor Mendez.

"What's your hurry, Eve?" he said, stopping her, "running away again, eh?"

"Oh, let me go! let me go!" she cried, passionately. "I shall die if I stop here!"

"Die, will you? You look like it, I must say! What has happened?"

"Oh, do not ask me—it is too dreadful to tell! Only take me away from here!"

"Directly! Has Lady Landsdowne returned?"

"Yes, yes, yes! Oh, she is ten times worse than Miss Forest!"

"Yes, I know she is! But what has she done to you? Oh, I see!" he exclaimed, his eyes firing and his face flushing, "Eve has she turned you out?"

A passionate gesture was her answer—her voice was too choked to speak.

"My poor child! My poor persecuted little Eve!" he said, compassionately, "and what are you going to do now?"

She broke out into a wild cry—the wail of a half-broken heart.

"Oh, I don't know! I only want to lie down and die!"

A change came over Senor Mendez. He took both her hands in his, and looked brightly down in her face.

"Not yet, Eve! not yet! Not till you see the silver lining of all these clouds, as I promised you. You have been thinking hard of me, I know, for leaving you so long; but I could not help it. I have been up to London since, in search of another runaway—a friend of yours, Eve. It will all come right yet, believe me. Can you bear a shock, Eve?"

She looked at him in silent questioning; and met his reassuring smile.

"Eve, did you ever hear of Conway Hazelwood?"

"I have heard he was my father," she answered, her heart beginning to throb fast, "and that he was dead."

"Half true and half false! He is your father, and he is not dead! Eve, your father lives!"

"Oh, where?" she wildly cried, "where in all the world have I a father?"

He took off his sombrero and held open his arms.

"Here, Eve! here, beside you! When all the world forsakes you, it is time your father should come to the rescue. Yes, Eve; no longer the creole planter, no longer Senor Mendez, but Conway Hazelwood and your father!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 287.)

False Faces:

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME.

A MYSTERY OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

BY GEO. L. AIKEN,

AUTHOR OF "A LIVING LIE," "SNARED TO DEATH," "BERNAL OLYDE," "ELMA'S CAPTIVITY," "STELLA, A STAR."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

RAYMOND'S STORY.

FRANK RAY came to the house early the next morning. He was greatly surprised to hear what had taken place, and was very much excited over it.

They wondered over his agitation, but they were soon to know the cause of it.

"And so our friend Ossian was a woman?" he said.

"Doesn't it beat all?" answered Kate. "We never suspected her, not one of us."

This discussion took place in the parlor, and assembled there were Genni Bartyne, Etta, Kate, Chester Starke, and Frank Ray.

The surgeon had just departed from his morning's visit to Almira, and had reported her to be in a very favorable condition.

"This was a bold attempt on the part of the villains," said Ray, musingly. "They have left the city, and I have traced them beyond the Harlem River, but the clue is lost there."

They have a hiding place somewhere in Morrisania. They must have come from there last night. They have had spies watching this house, that's evident. You must be more careful, sir, and not give them another chance to fire a shot at you," he added, earnestly.

"I'll try not to," answered Bartyne.

"I shall have this house strictly watched every night while you remain here, though they will hardly venture here again, knowing that we will be on the watch for them."

"They may think they have succeeded in their murderous attempt."

"Not they; or, if they did, the newspapers would speedily apprise them to the contrary. I think, however, that I can capture them before they can trouble you again."

"Would this mask afford you any clue?"

Ray looked at the mask, and the mysterious marks inside of it.

"There's nothing to lead to any thing in that," he said. "Such a mask can be purchased at any of the toy-shops, and the marks are merely the private ones of the retailer denoting its cost price. It was worn, probably, by the assassin to produce alarm, as such a hideous face, dimly seen through the darkness, might do; and it also served the purpose of a disguise. These soundrels are of a very ingenious turn of mind, their devices are numerous. But I'll trap them yet. This very night I expect to surprise them in their retreat in Westchester county. I have got two comrades to aid me—two of the smartest on the force, and they are following up the tracks now. I have promised them a handsome reward if we are successful, in your name, sir."

"Of course," returned Bartyne. "Do you want any money for present purposes?"

"Well, a few hundreds might prove useful. There's nothing like ready money for expediting matters in this world."

"How many hundreds?"

"Say five."

"Ride down to the office with me, and I'll give you a check for that amount."

The three, Bartyne, Chester Starke and Ray took their departure together, leaving the house in the charge of Kate and Etta. The two girls had no apprehension of a visit from the False Faces in the daytime.

The office was closed at three o'clock in the afternoon, and Bartyne and Chester were home again by four. Their dinner-hour was six. Kate attended to that meal, and astonished the colored servant by her culinary skill.

Etta took her book or sewing into Almira's room, to keep her company, for she had already formed a strong attachment to this strange woman; but Almira slept heavily nearly all that day. She would occasionally open her eyes, smile at the fair face, which appeared to her not unlike an angel's watching by her bedside, and then fall asleep again.

This long sleep proved very refreshing and strengthening to her.

When Genni Bartyne returned to the house he ascended at once to Almira's room to inquire into her condition.

He found her lying with her eyes closed and Etta sitting, hemming a handkerchief, beside her.

"Is she asleep?" he asked.

"I think so," answered Etta. "She has been asleep the greater part of the day."

"So much the better; the sleep will do her good. Has the doctor been here again?"

"Yes; he called at noon."

"What did he say?"

"That she was doing well. He does not appear to have any doubt of her recovery now."

"Good! She's a wonderful woman, Etta; you'll say so when you know her as well as I do. In the darkest hour of my life she and her brother greatly befriended me. I can never

sufficiently repay them for what they have done for me."

Almira opened her eyes, and said, "You have done so, Peter, over and over."

She answered, feebly, but quite distinctly, "Ossian would never be worth what he is now if we had not met you. He's satisfied and so am I."

Bartyne smiled. "I am glad to hear that."

"Not asleep, Almira?" he said.

"No; I was kind of dozing when you came in, and the sound of your voice awoke me."

"You have slept well?"

"Yes; and I feel much stronger. I know I'm going to live now; when I thought I was dying I—"

She paused abruptly, and a scarlet flush swept over her pale face.

"You were as brave as could be, Almira," rejoined Bartyne, pretending not to understand her allusion.

She looked at him with a wistful curiosity.

"I don't exactly remember what I said then," she replied, slowly. "Do you, Peter?"

"Really, I can't say; there was so much confusion about us," he answered, evasively.

He saw that she was in doubt whether she had betrayed the secret of her love for him or not.

She breathed a sigh of relief at his answer, for it made her think that she had not.

The detective, Mr. Ray, has been here to-day, and he has every hope of capturing these assassins."

"He's a brave young man," replied Almira, and she smiled in a manner that perplexed Bartyne.

"I think so, too," he responded.

"So much like his father?"

Bartyne stared at this.

"His father?" he exclaimed. "Do you know his father?"

"Oh, yes, very well."

"That's odd. You never said anything about it before! Where did you ever meet his father?"

"Down in Pennsylvania."

"In Pennsylvania? When?"

"It's going on high to thirteen years now. And this young man looks something as his father looked then; only I don't think the young man is as good-looking as his father was as his age; but then the boy has led a rough kind of life, and that may have spoiled his beauty a little."

"He looks very much like father here," Etta said, joining in the conversation. "I thought so the first time I ever saw him."

"Like me?" ejaculated Bartyne, surprised.

"Yes."

"And did you think he looked anything like your brother Raymond?" asked Almira.

"Raymond—my boy?" exclaimed Bartyne, tremulously. "Ah, heavens! Almira you do not mean it!—nothing escapes your penetration—this young man?"

"Is your son?"

"Can it be possible?"

"You'll find it so, Peter."

"But does he know it?"

"He does; he admitted as much to me."

"My brother Raymond?" cried Etta; "but I could not recollect his face, though it seemed very familiar to me; but then I was so young when he ran away from aunt Margaret's house."

"But why has he not revealed himself to me?" asked Bartyne. "If he knows me, why is he silent?"

"That's what I asked him that day—you remember?"

"And what did he say?"

"He wanted to capture your enemies first. He is resolved to free you from their persecutions."

"I know he is. Ah! he's a true son of mine!"

"He is that, Peter! You've reason to be proud of two such children as you have got."

"I am, Almira—I am! And most thankful to Heaven that has so strangely preserved them to me!"

Etta left her father conversing with Almira and went down stairs in search of Kate. She found her standing in front of the kitchen range, with a ladle in her hand, attending to a kettle of soup, while the colored woman looked on in admiration.

"Oh, Kate, only to think of it!" exclaimed Etta, with more vivacity than she generally displayed.

Kate turned sharply around, crying:

"Et! What's broke now?"

"Mr. Ray, the detective—"

"What of him?" interrupted Kate, with great interest.

"He's my brother!"

"Your brother?"

"Yes, my long lost brother!"

"Your long lost brother?" repeated Kate, confusedly; and the ladle dropped from her fingers and clashed upon the floor.

"What do you think of that?"

Kate looked bewildered.

"I don't know what to think!" she responded, gaspingly. "Oh, my! but is it true?"

Almira says so; she knew him the moment she saw him."

"She's cute! If she says so, it must be so. What that woman doesn't know isn't worth knowing. Wonders will never cease! Ever since Mr. Bartyne—your father—came down our chimney we have gone from one surprise to another. Oh! if he should—and I should—"

"What?" asked Etta, as Kate paused, and colored up to the roots of her hair.

"We should be sisters then in reality," she answered; "and we've been just like sisters for a long time, haven't we?"

"We have indeed."

"And wouldn't you like to have me for a sister for good?"

"To be sure I would! But what do you mean?"

Kate blushed again, and picked up her ladle to hide the tell tale color.

"Never mind—no matter. We can never tell what's going to happen," she replied. "It's no use counting your chickens before they are hatched. Here, Dinah, set the table; they'll be wanting their dinner presently. I mustn't let my soup burn."

She turned her attention to the kettle again, and speedily recovered her composure. "And so he's your brother?" she continued, in an off-hand manner. "Well, you didn't get all the beauty of the family."

"He is a fine-looking young man," returned Etta, proudly.

"Fine-looking! Well, I should say he is! Why, he's just splendid! Oh, my! this soup seems determined to burn."

"What's the matter?"

"Oh! I'm flustered to an awful extent. And he's your brother? Well, well, who would have thought it? Oh! What's going to happen next? I hope I won't spoil the dinner through all this excitement; but, really, at this present moment I can't tell whether I'm standing on my head or my heels. And he's your brother? Well, well, well—of all the things that have happened this is the strangest. It's just like a story out of a fairy-book!"

In this fashion Kate kept it up until the din-

ner was served, but with the exception of the breaking of two plates no evil consequences resulted from the preoccupation of her mind.

Though Genni Bartyne was all anxiety now to meet Frank Ray and have the confirmation of the truth of Almira's assertion from his own lips a week before he was enabled to do so.

On application at the headquarters he was told that Ray and his two comrades had left the city in pursuit of the False Faces.

The attempt to capture them in the old farm-house on the Bronx river, which property by some trickery had come into Cebra Selkreg's hands, had proved a failure.

The villains got wind of their approach, and fled, only an old couple of Irish origin being found in the house. This couple, who were evidently ignorant of the villainy of their employer, admitted that he and a party of his friends had been stopping there, but had suddenly departed. They could not tell where they were gone, as they had not been told.

The villains were then traced back to the city, and across the North River into Jersey, and in that direction Ray and his companions had followed them.

This was all the information that Genni Bartyne could obtain at that quarter. The next he received was in a telegram from Ray sent from Newcastle, Delaware.

It contained these cheering words:

"The villains are secured and caged in the jail here. Look for me! I start for New York to-day."

Ray arrived at the house that evening, and received a welcome that surprised him.

Kate admitted him; shook hands with him vigorously, crying:

"Lord, I'm so glad to see you, and so will they all be!" and conducted him into the parlor, where Genni Bartyne, Chester Starke and Etta were assembled, exclaiming: "Here's Mr. Ray!"

Genni Bartyne sprung excitedly to his feet as Ray entered the room.

"Welcome, my boy!" he cried.

He grasped Ray by the hand and gazed earnestly in his face.

"Yes, yes, Almira was right!" he continued. "You are my son! Raymond, my boy, come to your father's heart!" and he pressed the astonished young man to his breast in a strong and loving embrace.

"There's no denying it!" exclaimed Ray, laughing, when he recovered from his surprise, and the vigorous hug his father had given him. "But how did you find it out?"

"Almira told me!"

"Ah, yes! but how she could have guessed it puzzles me. How is she, by the way?"

"Improving rapidly. She will soon be well again."

"I am delighted to hear it. She is too valuable a woman to be lost to the world."

"My brother!" cried Etta; and she embraced him.

Kate was very fidgety, and Ray observed it.

"Don't you intend to embrace me, too?" he inquired, roughly.

"Yes, I will!" answered Kate, very red in the face.

"Of course! you're one of the family," he rejoined, and gave her a hug that nearly squeezed the breath out of her body.

"Oh!" gasped Kate; and she added, significantly, when he released her: "If I'm not one of the family, I'm sure I ought to be!"

Ray laughed and shook hands with Chester Starke cordially.

"And here's another member of the family, or will be," he said, with a sly glance at Etta, which caused her to blush in a very pretty and becoming manner.

Then they all laughed merrily together, as if the coming of this young man had put them in the best of spirits—as indeed it had.

"Sit down, my boy, sit down," said Genni Bartyne. "I have a world of questions to ask you."

"The villains are in limbo—you got my telegram?" rejoined Ray, seating himself beside his father.

"Yes, yes, but never mind them now. I want to ask you about yourself. Why did you come among us as a stranger, and not make yourself known?"

"Well, I wanted to work the case up for you first—and then I had a curiosity to see if you would discover me—you or Etta, there?"

"I don't think I ever should," Bartyne admitted.

"Nor I," said Etta. "How could I remember you with all that hair upon your face. You did not have any beard when we lived with aunt Margaret."

Ray laughed at this.

"I should say not at that age," he answered.

"That was a long time ago."

"You ran away from her—why?" questioned Bartyne.

"Because she would not tell me my father's name—she said that he had disgraced it, and that I should never be known by it. I didn't believe her. From what little I remembered of my father, I believed him to be a good man."

"My boy! But she was not altogether wrong. She believed she spoke the truth. It is a sad story; you and Etta shall hear it—but not now, not now—some other time."

Chester Starke has told me enough to make me understand the rest; but, as you say, father, we will not speak of that now; some other time will be more suitable. I know you want to hear what happened to me. Aunt Margaret and I could not get along together. She made me think that both my parents were dead; or rather, I should say, she tried to make me think so, but she never succeeded. I thought my father was alive and so I started off to find him."

"A strange idea!"

"Yes; and it led to strange results. I wandered down to one of the piers on the lake, with a vague idea that I must go on a steamboat. Just then one came puffing up to the pier to land its passengers, while others were waiting to go aboard. When the passengers went aboard, I went with them. When the boat got out into the lake, they discovered that they had a passenger who could not pay his fare. I remember how frightened I was when they began to question me."

Ray paused to laugh over the recollection.

"But they could not go back to put me off, and when the captain found, from my story, that I was an orphan who had made a bold push in the world seeking his fortune, he sent me to the steward with directions to have me wait upon the table at meals. So you see I commenced my career in a very humble capacity. One thing had bothered me—I was puzzled what to call myself."

"You did not know your name?"

"Only part of it. I knew my first name was Raymond, and that I had been called Ward in Erie because that was aunt Margaret's name; but I was determined not to bear her name; I disliked her too much for that, so I said my name was Ray, and nothing else; but I soon found that did not satisfy my questioners, and that I must have another

name. I thought of the place we had lived in before we went to Erie—Franklin; that

LOVE AT LONG RANGE.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

I'm sure that I had never seen a face so finely fair, in all my travels up and down, here, there or anywhere.

I doted on her snowy brow as any man would dote With absolute extravagance on a ten-dollar note.

Although the Johnny jump-ups didn't spring beneath her feet, I thought that well they might and it would only have been meet; Earth wasn't good enough by half to be walked on by Rose.

And I would have been proud to have her walk upon my toes.

I used to like to go and sit upon her doorstep late, And dream that she was by my side, and think that I was great.

Upon her gate I used to swing, which sore the hinges tried, Imagining that that dear girl was on the other side.

I thought I would be happy if I was her errand-boy; I thought were I her brother it would give me too much joy.

And oh, to be refused by her, in asking for her hand, Would be far better than a yes from any in the land.

If that dear girl had frowned on me I would have been shocked, It were a joy too sweet if she had hit me with a rock.

And oh, if she were only mine to share my fortune small, This could not be, and so I'd bump my head against the wall.

She married Jiggs, and him she led a miserable life; She knocked him down with rolling-pins and filled his days with strife.

She brushed him off with broomsticks till divorce he did commit, And then I saw I'd been a fool but wasn't mad a bit.

LEAVES

From a Lawyer's Life.

BY A. GOULD PENN.

IV.—A Veteran Vanquished.

On the outskirts of our little city lived an old Frenchman, named Paul Varnier, who owned a neat cottage-house and a couple of acres of ground, which he cultivated as a vegetable garden. His vegetables were always first in market and in general demand, and the old man did a thriving business, and was supposed to have accumulated considerable money.

This Paul Varnier was an oddity. His constant boast was that of having been a grenadier under Napoleon, and he loved to talk of his many battles and marches, and would dwell pathetically on his love for the "Little Corporal."

Everything about his home was regulated with military precision, and frequently the old soldier might be seen marching back and forth in his garden, as if on guard, with his old sabre in hand, saluting imaginary officers with the greatest gravity.

Pretty Heloise Dejaure, his granddaughter, was his sole companion and housekeeper. She had been taken by Paul when, a mere child, she was left an orphan, and had grown to womanhood under his care, no expense being spared in her education and adornment. But Paul Varnier was terribly jealous of his beautiful charge, and kept lovers at a distance.

But Heloise had a mind of her own, and her preference was in favor of Jean Callot, a native of *la belle France*, and a rising young mechanic. They met clandestinely, and were obliged to exercise great caution and ingenuity to evade discovery by the wary old soldier.

And so it happened that one fine summer evening found the lovers enjoying a stolen interview in the garden.

"You will always love me thus, Jean?" asked the coy mademoiselle.

"Yes, Heloise; can you doubt me? But I have waited long and patiently for the time that I might claim you, and it seems as far distant now as ever. I have asked Paul Varnier for your hand, and you know how I was refused and even driven away."

"Yes, Jean, but I am sure grandfather will yet relent."

"But if he should not, Heloise?"

For answer she placed her hand in his, but was silent as she raised her beautiful dark eyes to his.

"Hush! some one comes. It is grandfather! Fly, Jean, fly!"

"Never!" resolutely responded Jean.

"*Sacre! Mon Dieu!*" and old Paul Varnier stood before the lovers with his sabre glittering in the moonlight.

"Stop, Paul Varnier!" exclaimed Jean, boldly rising and facing the veteran; "listen to what I have to say."

Fairly insane with wrath, the old soldier flourished his sabre, uttering a volley of epithets, and fiercely assailed the young man who was *per force* obliged to retreat hastily.

"Paul Varnier, you will regret this!" exclaimed the now excited Jean, as he leaped over the fence into the road.

Satisfied with having put Jean to flight, old Paul entered his house with Heloise, giving vent to his spleen in sputtering and scolding in broken French.

"What is the trouble, Jean Callot?" inquired Bob Holly, who, passing at that moment, heard Jean's muttered threats.

"The old grenadier attacked me with his sword," sulkily answered Jean, and hurried away.

And this was the prelude to a strange case, as I afterward learned it.

On the morning after these events, as I entered my office, I was greeted by a young man, named Lewis Ayres, who was a student under my supervision.

"Good-morning, Mr. Smith," was Lewis' usual greeting on my appearance. "Have you heard the news?" he continued.

"No; what news, Ayres?"

"Why, this morning, as I came down-town, old Paul Varnier came rushing down-street, hatless and flourishing his old sabre, saying he had been robbed last night of a considerable amount of money. He rushed to Squire Wright's office and had a warrant issued for the arrest of Jean Callot, and Jean is now in prison."

"Robbed—Jean Callot?" I exclaimed, for I knew Jean to be a young man of excellent reputation.

"Yes, and Jean has sent word that he wants to see you at once, sir."

Accordingly I hastened away to the prison, where I found the young man in a state of excitement over his arrest, and learned from his own lips the facts as I have related them.

By my advice Jean pleaded not guilty to the charge before the magistrate, and he was set at liberty, on bail, to await the action of the higher court, which convened in a few weeks thereafter.

I found that there was an array of circumstances against Jean Callot, pointing to him as the robber of old Paul's gold, and I could see but little chance for his acquittal, unless some

unforeseen evidence should appear in his favor.

The sentiments of the community were divided as to his guilt or innocence, and his previous good character had won for him many firm friends. He bore up bravely under the shame and suspicion, and never despaired of proving his innocence.

The day of trial came, and found me still unprepared to establish his entire innocence, and it was with feelings of chagrin and pity that I entered the crowded court-room that morning, and looked into his handsome, but pale face. I felt that he was doomed.

The work of calling and impanneling a jury was soon accomplished, and a statement of the case duly submitted by the attorneys, and now all was in readiness to proceed with the testimony.

A commotion and snickering among the spectators was caused by the entry of the prosecuting witness, old Paul Varnier. And well might their levity be excused.

Dressed in his old and faded uniform, with plumed hat, cuirass and bright, gleaming sabre, old Paul marched proudly in as if on grand parade. Halting with military precision, he faced about and gravely saluted the judge with his weapon at present, then sheathing it, he took his seat by the prosecuting attorney.

An audible snicker followed his maneuver, and even a nervous twitching about the lips of his honor was perceptible, but judicial dignity was maintained, and the examination began, Paul Varnier being the first witness called to the stand.

"Monsieur Varnier," began the prosecutor, politely, "state to the court and jury your place of birth, age, etc."

"Oui, monsieur. I have been born in *la belle France*; I have been a soldier. Ven I was in ze arm-ee of Napoleon in Italee, in Zharmanee, at Austerlitz, at—"

"Stop, stop, monsieur!" and with great difficulty could he be kept within the bounds of proper testimony.

But by degrees the story was obtained, how he had, by careful industry and great economy, managed to accumulate a small sum of gold and silver, which he had placed in an old stocking and concealed in a chest in his bedroom. And he dwelt at length on the conduct of the prisoner on that night when his money was taken.

"How much gold and silver had you in that stocking?" was asked.

"*Oui! deux—two hundred dollars. Une ver' fine medal Napoleon gif me at Marengo. Ah! monsieur—*"

"Halt!" and at the word the ready tongue was silent, and the stiff, military air resumed.

Amid much merriment, caused by the anxiety of the old Frenchman to air his military renown, his story was obtained, but in it was no direct evidence against Jean Callot, and I began to have hopes.

Bob Holly was then called, and he testified to Jean's angry threat against old Paul, on the evening of his sudden exit from the garden, and described the manner and actions of the prisoner in such a way that left but little doubt of guilt.

In vain I cross-questioned. He knew but little, and that little was told with such simplicity and exactness that I could find no flaw in his testimony.

"Let Henderson Baker be called," said the prosecutor, with a triumphant glance at me.

"What is your occupation, Mr. Baker?"

"I am a jeweler and watchmaker, sir."

"Did you at any time sell any jewelry to the prisoner here?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Of what description, and at what time?"

"It was early in the morning after this robbery is said to have occurred. I was just opening my store, when the prisoner, Jean Callot, came in, and he purchased a small pair of gold earrings."

"Did he pay you for the earrings?"

"Yes, sir; he gave me a silver five-franc piece, and I returned him his change in silver."

"Do you often receive French coin in exchange for your wares?"

"Very rarely, sir. In fact so seldom that I have considered them as curiosities, and also frequently worked them into articles of jewelry."

"Have you the coin that Jean Callot gave you?"

"Here it is," producing a silver piece, which was duly proven to be one among those owned by Paul Varnier, and distinguished by a private mark he had put upon it.

This evidence was not without its effect on the jury, and I could see the cold, hard look in their eyes as they glanced at Jean Callot, who sat with downcast eyes and pallid cheeks.

A look of fiendish delight overspread the countenance of Paul Varnier, and his hand played with the handle of his old sabre as though he would be rejoiced to draw it from its sheath and strike down the convicted criminal before him.

Yes, Jean Callot was undoubtedly guilty; and yet I could not bring my mind to believe it absolutely. But he was wrapped in a chain of evidence that left no room for doubt, and besides, he had nothing but silence with which to meet the accusations.

And so the testimony was closed, and the prosecuting attorney began his address to a jury whose verdict was already a foregone conclusion.

I could but envy my opponent for the ease with which his case had been won, and my own sensitive feelings at defeat gave place to pity and commiseration for the unhappy prisoner.

When my time came to argue in his behalf, I was ill-at-ease and could but talk at random, so I sat down in confusion, and awaited with resignation the verdict I knew must be delivered. Guilty!

I heard scarcely a word of the solemn charge that fell from the lips of the judge, as a silence, almost unearthly, pervaded the crowded room.

At its conclusion, without retiring, the jury held a short consultation, and announced that they had arrived at their verdict.

"Guilty!"

Yes; and the word had scarcely died out upon the lips of the foreman, when a clear, childish voice sounded at my side:

"Hold! he is not guilty! I can prove it."

This startling announcement fell from the lips of Heloise Dejaure, and looking up, I saw the little beauty, her color heightened by her rapid walk, standing near me and holding in her hand an old stocking which was nearly full of some weighty substance.

"I have found the money," she cried, and the color deepened on her cheeks as all eyes were bent upon her.

I at once had her duly sworn, and her testimony was heard.

"Here is the money that grandpa thought was stolen," she said, turning out upon the table a pile of gold and silver coin.

"I found it a few moments ago, safely stowed away in a drawer of my own bureau,"

and here she stopped in her narrative, as if confused by the novel sights around her, and I was obliged to question her closely to get the details of her evidence.

"Grandpa Varnier is a somnambulist. He has hidden this money in his sleep. I have often known of his walking the house and garden in his sleep, and I suspected that he had hidden this money instead of its having been stolen, so I searched in both the house and garden, and at last found it as I have said."

"*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed old Paul, in astonishment.

"But how about the earrings that Jean purchased?" I asked.

With a blush, she pointed to her own pretty ears, where hung the little ornaments, and said:

"Grandpa would not buy me such things, so I gave Jean a five-franc piece to buy them for me."

"And where did you get the five francs?"

"Grandpa gave the piece to me as a birthday present nearly two years ago."

And thus, Jean Callot's innocence was made plain, and his acquittal followed.

Friends crowded around him in congratulations, and he went forth a free man.

My story would be incomplete were I to omit saying that the veteran at last acknowledged himself vanquished, and his hatred of Jean Callot was turned to undying love and admiration.

Next to the Little Corporal, in the old man's heart, stood Heloise and Jean, and after their wedding, his old sabre seemed to lose its attraction, and was laid away along with the cuirass and plumed hat.

A First of May Romance.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

MAUD TEMPLETON'S blue eyes looked suspiciously like a shower, as she sat with her head leaning disconsolately against the back of the rocking-chair in which she sat; and around her red mouth were occasional twitches as if she were fighting with all her might against whatever sorrow so nearly overcame her.

And to all outward appearances she did overcome it—she endured these hours of distress so often that she had learned to keep back any decided expression of them, although for day, when the April skies were so bright and blue, and the air so fresh and balmy, it did seem hard that the same old trouble should hurt her; that trouble memories of the dear old times—only six weeks back, after all—when she and Frank Larcher were so happy, and loved each other so dearly.

Now—blue skies and balmy breezes tempted her in vain; aunt Annabel coaxed and scolded alternately, with equally ill success; Maud was miserable because she and Frank had quarreled, and yet was too proud to write just one loving line that the poor fellow would have given his eyes to have seen; Maud was seventeen, in love and romantic—and it was part of her lot to be miserable.

So she steadily refused to walk out that beautiful afternoon, when the sidewalks were clean and dry, and her new spring suit was hanging, yet unaltered, in her wardrobe; and, sitting in the rocking-chair, and sewed a little, and sighed a little, and thought of Frank till her heart fairly ached.

She was a gentle, girlish girl, not a beauty by any means, but sweet and dainty-looking, with an innocence that was better than beauty; and Frank Larcher had thought no higher happiness could befall a fellow than to know Maud Templeton loved him.

And Maud did love him, and they had been betrothed lovers for months, until one day Maud was a little disagreeable because she heard Frank had called on Miss Summerson—the belle and beauty of whom so much was said. Then ensued a little quarrel, which was made up for the time being only to burst out hotter than ever, when, at Wallack's matinee, one afternoon, when Maud and aunt Annabel had gone alone, they accidentally met Mr. Larcher in company with Miss Summerson and a lady friend.

When Frank came that night Maud was cool, haughty, sarcastic; and while Frank could so easily have explained by saying the whole truth—that his meeting the ladies had been purely accidental and not especially agreeable to himself, he was too angry at Maud's conduct to be a whit more reasonable than she; and so the breach widened, until—six weeks of silence and absence had stretched wearily between them.

Maud was going over all these remembrances, and aunt Annabel was watching her, anxiously, when, for perhaps the hundredth time that day, the door-bell rung.

"Oh, dear—another house-hunter to ask the rent, snoop into the wash-house and quiz about the damp! I think I'll take down the bill to-night, Maud, and stay ourselves; if it wasn't for the smaller house we've taken I would."

Aunt Annabel was quite severe, but smoothed her ruffled plumes as the maid-servant ushered in two handsomely-dressed ladies.

"We beg pardon for intruding—but we would like to know the rent of this house, and the accommodations offered."

Aunt Annabel bowed, and answered glibly; while Maud, after a glance at the ladies, shivered with pain, and sunk further back among the cushions—for they were Miss Summerson and a lady who resembled her nearly enough to be her mother.

"The rent is fifteen hundred dollars, payable quarterly in advance. Fourteen rooms, all light; hot and cold water, bath, closet, furnace, gas, stationary tubs and speaking tubes."

"I think I should like it very well, Maude—what do you think?"

Maud Templeton started to hear her own name, but Miss Summerson was evidently used to it.

"I like it—such lovely bay-windows, mamma," she said, promptly; and poor little Maud started and shivered again at the sweet voice.

The bay-windows, where she and Frank had sat in the starshine when he told her he loved her so dearly—and now, very likely he would sit in the same bay-window and tell another Maud the same story.

"I think we'd better take it, don't you, Maude?"

"Yes, indeed—and this lady—Miss?" she said, in courteous inquiry, looking at aunt Annabel.

"I am Mrs. Templeton—this is my niece, Miss Templeton."

There was a general bowing, as Mrs. Summerson gave her name.

"And I am Mrs. David Summerson—this is my daughter, Miss Maude. We two comprise the family, madam."

After the lease was signed—for aunt Annabel was her own business agent—and the Summersons had gone, and the bill was down, and Judy, the servant had been given her orders to begin taking up carpet-tacks, Maud rushed

to her own beautiful room, and, locking herself in, cried as though her heart would break, under the double accumulation of grief thus piled upon her.

The idea of Maude Summerson sleeping, perhaps, in her own room—perhaps dressing for her wedding with Frank Larcher within the four walls where she herself had dreamed such blessed dreams! and oceans of just such thoughts surged through the fond, foolish, troubled heart, until at last, days and days after, by mighty effort on her part, she grew to accept her sorrow, even while she swore never to be disloyal to her early love.

The first day of May dawned fair as May could be—warm, clear as a bell, and suggestive of springing flowers and spreading trees. Even New York streets, with thousands of truck loads of furniture on the wing, presided over by swearing drivers, and followed by all-anxious householders, were full of the sweet vitality of the young springtime, that made itself felt even to the most wretched man that walked them.

And, perhaps, as wretched as any one who was neither hungry, or crime-stained, or mourning over their dead, was Frank Larcher, as he sauntered to his father's office, for his short day's work over his books.

It was Maud, of course; Maud Templeton, his darling little fiancée, who was so dreadfully angry and cold and indifferent, whom he had not seen or heard from for weeks and weeks.

They had been weeks of misery to him. He had cooled off from his anger almost before he reached home that night, but he was proud and unyielding as long as he entertained, first a surer, then a hope, of Maud's humbling herself and sending for him, in which case he intended to be very high, mighty, and gradually descend to the kissing and forgiving stage.

But Maud didn't send, and gradually his pride died a natural death, and a vague restlessness seized him, and regret, that deepened into positive misery and great longing to see her again and tell her how cruel he had been, and beg her forgiveness so humbly.

But, here it was May Day, and the breach was wider than ever, despite his wishes and longings; and as he walked down-town, this morning, more homesick for Maud than ever, he wondered what on earth he should do.

Then, all of a sudden, his grave, handsome face lightened, and he turned sharply around.

"I wonder it did not occur to me before," he said, as he sprang into a Broadway stage, and was driven up to the corner of Amity street, where he alighted at the florist's, and watched the construction of a tiny, dainty bouquet.

Then, back to the office, where he wrote a short note, that said:

"Maud, my darling, if you can forgive me my neglect, and still love me as dearly as I do you, be ready to tell me so at four, when I will come to you to hear my fate."

He sealed the plain envelope, but did not direct it, thinking, with a trembling doubt, that perhaps she might refuse to read it, if she saw his writing. Nevertheless, he was happier than many a day had found him, after he had dispatched bouquet and note by a messenger to—West Forty—street, with explicit direction to inquire simply and only for "Miss Maud."

And now, came the mischief of the affair. Of course Maud Templeton and aunt Annabel had removed from—West Forty—street several days before, and the Summersons had set up their household gods in the new home the day before; so that when Frank's messenger arrived with his dainty commission for "Miss Maud," it was the most natural thing in the world that the man-servant, who answered the bell, should deliver them to pretty Maude Summerson, who was superintending the arrangement of the books in the library.

With a little exclamation of admiration at the bouquet, she opened the note, and read it, warm flushes tinted her cheeks at the words, so eager, so earnest. Then she stole up to her own room, to think it over.

"He speaks of my neglect; well, he hasn't been very attentive for a fellow so much in love as he seems to be, but I didn't miss him much because Harry Riverleigh has been coming, and Harry is just splendid."

A little sigh and a little flush as she spoke that gentleman's name.

"Coming at four for my answer. Well!"

And then for an hour she sat there, thinking and blushing, and frowning and sighing, occasionally, till her young heart passed the verdict on her first offer—as of course she thought it.

"Well, Mr. Larcher is a nice fellow—handsome, good family, well off, and all that; but—but I must refuse him, because—if this letter was only from Harry Riverleigh, now."

Then she went back to her task; then dressed for lunch, and then waited for four o'clock and Frank Larcher, who came while the bells were chiming the hour, and who, according to orders, was shown to her at once, in the reception room.

She was hardly prepared for the astonishment on his face, as he noted the unfamiliar surroundings and met the lady herself.

"Miss Summerson, this is an unexpected pleasure. But I feel I am an intruder. I had no idea Mrs. Templeton was so busy with her annual house-cleaning."

Maude looked curiously at him—this was a strange way for a lover to talk.

"Mrs. Templeton?" she said, inquiringly, with new, sudden suspicions flashing over her.

"Mrs. Templeton does not live here, Mr. Larcher. We moved in the day before yesterday."

Then a speechless surprise and confusion came into Frank's face.

"Is it possible? Then I fear I have annoyed you with—with—something—"

And just then Mrs. Summerson's voice called:

"Maude, dear, are you engaged?"

That was the revelation of light on it all; and Frank smiled and flushed.

"Your name is Maude, too! Can you forgive me for this cruel mistake! I see it all now—you received my letter and bouquet intended for Miss Maud Templeton, who has just moved out, and you thought—"

She blushed, then laughed.

"Yes; I did think it was for me. Why shouldn't I, when the note said for 'Miss Maud'?"

But, Mr. Larcher, I was going to refuse you."

Then both laughed heartily over the natural blunder, and were better friends after than ever before.

"And now if I could only give you Mrs. Templeton's address," Maude said, earnestly.

"But we did not hear it—how will you find your real Maud?"

It was a disappointment, truly. It might be a search of days, weeks, before he found their place of residence; and he could so illy brook this unexpected delay.

"All I can do is to begin at once," he said, hopefully, yet sadly, as he took up his hat to retire, and then waited a moment to make sure

he had put the fateful letter safely in his pocket.

And while he was waiting he heard a summons at the bell, and the footman ushered some one in, who came directly into his presence.

It was Maud Templeton, pale, careworn, yet sweet and fair as a lily, as she bowed in stately coolness at meeting him in Miss Summerson's presence, while she made no sign of the raging tumult in her fond, true heart.

Miss Summerson smiled knowingly at Frank, after she had spoken to Maud.

"I will go call mamma, Miss Templeton. Excuse me, Mr. Larcher, a moment."

She did not return in a moment, or thirty of them; but when she did come, with much preliminary announcing of rustling skirts and clinking footfalls, she found the happiest couple in the world in her reception room.